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TIME



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



CLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT: NATION WRITERS GOREY, WARNER, ATWATER, SCHLESINGER, MERRICK, MORROW, MAGNUSON, NATION EDITORS LOEB & KRISS



WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT CLOUD WITH DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE



BOSTON BUREAU CHIEF BURTON



LEFT: ATLANTA BUREAU CHIEF BELL, RIGHT: WASHINGTON SENIOR CORRESPONDENT STEELE



LOS ANGELES BUREAU CHIEF COOK



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WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT ANGELO WITH JOAN MONDALE



CHICAGO BUREAU CHIEF CATE



FOREGROUND: CHIEF OF CORRESPONDENTS GART, WASHINGTON NEWS EDITOR JACKSON



SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU CHIEF BOYCE



TIME covered the 1976 Democratic Convention by marshaling a staff of more than 40 correspondents, writers, reporter-researchers, picture editors, picture researchers, layout artists and photographers from our New York headquarters and seven domestic bureaus. Many of them are pictured here in action.

Ralph P. Davidson



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The Cover: Amy, Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter, with Joan and Walter Mondale, in rear.

*after acceptance speeches in New York City.
Photograph by Dirck Halstead.*

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After the Big Bash Is Over

To the Editors:

That "Birthday Issue" [July 5] was a real bracer. Thanks! I needed that. Uncle Sam is durable. Growing pains? Yes. Mistakes? Perhaps. But no other nation on the face of the earth has offered so much to so many who had so little.

Albert Forslev
Mount Prospect, Ill.

And after the big bash is over, what happens next? 1977 looks to be filled with red, white and blue garage sales.

Mark W. Schwartz
White Bear Lake, Minn.

Congratulations to big beautiful America on your birthday. May you

would be without segregation, discrimination and with America minding her own business.

Faloye Patrick
Kaiserslautern, West Germany

"I Could Have Kissed Him"

"The New Immigrants: Still the Promised Land" [July 5] fired me up as nothing else I've read in a long time. We can learn something wonderful from these people. When Julius Koco related his escape from Czechoslovakia to Austria and said, "I could have kissed the stones there," I could have kissed him!

Sibbie O'Sullivan
Wheaton, Md.

Bravo, excellent, inspiring!

Being a Middle American from Oklahoma, I never fully appreciated the importance of our immigrants until I married an Italian whose grandparents had migrated to America. Not every person can experience this, and many look down on our non-native Americans; but let them remember, their ancestors were immigrants also.

Ada Jo Russo
Lawton, Okla.

Let us not fail to remember, as you apparently have, the American Indians, from whom we have leached land and blood. They know and value America more than we immigrants ever can.

Michael Hugo
Easton, Kans.

It is the epitome of hypocrisy that America can still boast of itself as a "Promised Land" for foreigners when, after 200 years, it has failed to grant full equality to its black citizens.

Anita King
New York City

As Chinese, Koreans, Indians and, of course, Mexicans victimize this republic yearly by their arrival, TIME blithely suggests that these people are valued additions to our gene pool. This is an infamy.

This nation was established in 1776 as a white republic. You and your irresponsible cohorts want to bastardize it into a miscegenationist grayness that will lead it to an inescapable decline.

Ida Mae Howland
Philadelphia

Wake up. It isn't 1850 any more. There is no longer a need for Chinese and Irish peasants to build the railroads, or Polish and Lithuanian serfs to feed the fiery machines of our industrial revolution. There are no more small par-

cels of land thirsting for the magic touch of Swedish and Russian farm hands.

What makes us think that we can continue to sacrifice our limited space and resources to the relentless population pressures of the world? Must we continue to serve as the escape for every medieval country until we become just as choked by corruption, caste and privilege as they are?

S. Hubbell Moore
Sausalito, Calif.

True Bicentennial Spirit

Henry Grunwald's Essay on "Loving America" [July 5] is one of the clearest, most intelligent, perceptive statements about this nation that I have ever read. You have captured the true Bicentennial spirit.

Lawrence J. Kessenich
Milwaukee

At the risk of sounding like an aging flower child come down with a terminal case of the jeremiads, I wish to remind TIME that the very power of the American promise, of the dream, makes all the more unbearable the malevolent legacy from our first two centuries.

Greg Brecht
Green Bay, Wis.

No Freak

Your article "Mars: The Search Begins" [July 5] was interesting, but I object to being called a "cosmic freak."

There are still many who believe man was placed on earth in an orderly manner and with a definite purpose.

Richard K. Walters
Philadelphia

Connors, Booby Prize

According to your cliché writing in the People section [July 5], Marjorie Wallace has won the most recent match v. Chris Evert for Jimmy Connors.

The reality is: Chris Evert is the winner, if a winner has to be proclaimed. Jimmy Connors is the booby prize, and Marjorie Wallace the loser.

Elizabeth Kurnetz
Southfield, Mich.

A Bit Much, TIME

TIME brings changes, but to change the site of the Battle of Hastings to Flodden Field [July 5] is a bit too much.

Not only is the distance from Hastings to Flodden Field approximately 340 air miles, but Hastings was fought and won by the invading Normans in 1066, while Flodden Field was won by the English against the Scots in 1513.

Agnes A. Jordan
Buffalo

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



continue to prosper and lead the world for the next 200 years!

J. Frank McCaffrey
Strathfield, Australia

This Bicentennial "thing" is ridiculous, and I was thoroughly disappointed by your apparent approval of it. What this country needs is a new revolution that would bring us better laws, more justice and internal peace.

Robin Buchalski
Kenmore, N.Y.

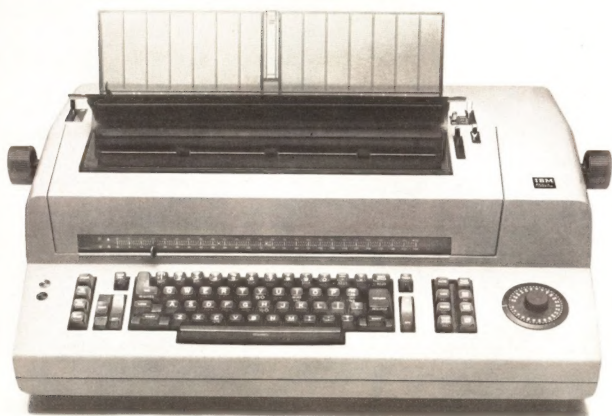
Happy birthday! From a Canadian who is immeasurably pro-American.

The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were (and are) the culmination of an ideological dream and the expression of a people hungry for freedom.

America 1976 is the product of that ideological reality.

Rick Assels
St. Catharines, Ont.

Happy birthday, America! A great country with huge people built around tiny minds. What a happier birthday it



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INTER-OFFICE MEMO

To: David May
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Date: May 12, 1975

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	1969	1970	1971	1972
Corn Products:				
Cornmeal and other	15.8	15.8	15.8	15.8
Corn sirup and sugar	20.3	20.8	21.4	21.7
Oat food products	3.2	3.2	3.2	3.2
Barley food products	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
Wheat:				
Flour	112	110	110	110
Breakfast cereals	2.9	2.9	2.9	2.9
Rye, Flour	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
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TIME

THE CONVENTION/COVER STORIES

ONWARD TO NOVEMBER

One could almost hear shouts of "Hallelujah!"

The Democratic National Convention last week resembled nothing so much as a revivalist camp meeting, slickly managed, free of controversy and filled with love and compassion. More than 5,000 delegates and alternates milled around the crowded floor of New York's Madison Square Garden in a festive and forgiving mood. They even cheered Chicago Mayor Richard Daley and the memory of President Lyndon Johnson, both of whom not long ago were reviled symbols of the party's crippling dissensions in 1968 and 1972. Then, in a genuine spirit of unity, the delegates garlanded Jimmy Carter with the Democratic presidential nomination. While proclaimed dull because of its lack of suspense, the convention was highly significant. In Carter's now famous metaphor of faith, it saw the Democratic Party reborn. For the first time in more than a decade, it seemed possible that the old coalition of labor, the South and the blacks could be reconstituted.

Exulted Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss: "The state of our party is very good—organized, vibrant, forward-looking and hell-bent on victory." Said Douglas Fraser, a liberal United Auto Workers vice president who originally backed Morris Udall for the nomination: "It's a thirst for victory that we have, and we don't want to put that possibility in jeopardy." Added Daley: "We've been fighting too long and losing too long. Now we've got a great candidate who can win."

For Carter, the convention marked a new climax in a remarkable political ascent (just three years ago, when he was Governor of Georgia, panelists had failed to recognize him on *What's My Line?*). It also served to position him, more sharply than he had been perceived before, as a liberal. He did so by choosing Minnesota Senator Walter ("Fritz") Mondale as his running mate and by using the themes he struck in his acceptance speech (see story page 16).

Delivered in the soft and soothing Carter manner, the speech contained nothing of substance that he had not said before, but the wording was more emphatic and the setting, of course, national. Thus he struck many as a bit further to the left than he had been, though he is still some way from the party's McGovern wing. He promised the poor that he would seek jobs for "anyone able to work"—a traditional enough Democratic pledge. Carter also sounded several populist notes that jolted many voters and undoubtedly will change their perceptions of him. He spoke of a "political and economic elite" that can "always manage to occupy niches of special influence and privilege." He decried "unholy, self-perpetuating alliances [that] have been formed between money and politics." And he declared that he could "see no reason why big-shot crooks should go free and the poor ones go to jail." By way of balance he asserted that "Democrats believe that competition is preferable to regulation," called for "minimal intrusions of government in our free economic system" and urged "swift arrest and trial" for lawbreakers.

As Carter had hoped, his speech rallied liberal doubters in his own party. He later explained: "The speech, not inadvertently, shifted back and forth between liberal and conservative. But it was populist in tone, at least I intended it to be." Asked

CARTER & MONDALE ACKNOWLEDGING DELEGATES' CHEERS

THE NATION



FRIENDS & NEIGHBORS GREETING JIMMY AS HE RETURNS HOME TO PLAINS, GA., FROM THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

if he regarded himself as a populist, he replied "I think so."

Whether he can stay with this same liberal line in appealing to the country at large is a big question of his campaign. It may be a campaign of the spirit centering on the character of Jimmy Carter; but it may also become a far more ideological campaign than was apparent in the primaries.

As the delegates leaped to their feet and enthusiastically cheered at the end of the 36-minute speech, the party's leading liberals and Carter's defeated primary opponents crowded around him. They included Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, Henry Jackson, Morris Udall and Jerry Brown, all of whom have promised to work on his behalf. He is now the favorite to win the election in November, whether his Republican opponent is Gerald Ford or Ronald Reagan.

But, as the euphoria of the convention gives way to planning for the campaign guns of August, Carter is well aware of the dangers of "Deweyitis"—the same kind of overconfidence that contributed greatly to Republican Nominee Thomas E. Dewey's loss to Harry Truman in 1948. Said Campaign Consultant Mark Shields: "If Carter loses, it will be because he beat himself."

All week Carter repeatedly warned Democrats that "if we should take a single state, a single voter for granted, that would be a good way to lose." He went to the convention with leads in the Gallup poll of 17 points over Ford and 36 points over Reagan. The margin will probably narrow rapidly when the campaign accelerates after the Republican convention on Aug. 18.

Whoever is nominated, the Republicans will attack Carter and Mondale as wrongheadedly wed to big government and big spending. Ford criticized the Democrats for trying "to be all things to all people." Reagan looked forward to "the same old ideological battle" between liberals and conservatives.

Of the two, Ford would seem to have been helped more by Carter's move to the liberal side last week. The shift may turn off moderate independent voters, if so, they probably would be more willing to switch to Ford than to Reagan, thus strengthening Ford's argument that he is the more electable Republican candidate. Moreover, Carter Campaign Manager Hamilton Jordan believes that Ford could make more skillful use of the powers of incumbency in the general election than he has in the primaries. But Ford is greatly handicapped by his pardon of Richard Nixon and his lackluster campaign style. By contrast, Reagan is a superb campaigner and TV performer, though his base of support is narrow and he turns off many moderates by his

extreme positions on foreign affairs and some other issues.

Carter's campaign strategy will be much the same against either Ford or Reagan. If the Republicans stick with the President, Carter intends to charge that he is an entrenched member of the Washington establishment and an ill-equipped leader. If the G.O.P. picks Reagan, Carter will attack him as a potentially dangerous extremist. For the most part, however, his chief emphasis will be on setting forth his positions on the issues and on spreading the gospel according to Carter: love, compassion and integrity.

Carefully husbanding the \$25 million campaign war chest that the law permits him, Carter will spend most of his time until Labor Day at his home in Plains, planning policies and building up his campaign staff, which will continue to be headed by Jordan and Press Secretary Jody Powell. Carter is worried about overexposure, but he will make several major speeches, hoping to burnish his public image so that he will appear more like a potential President. In a recent Gallup poll, he won a "highly favorable" reaction from only 25% of those questioned, compared with 22% each for Ford and Reagan. That contrasts with 47% for Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, 41% for John Kennedy in 1960, 59% for Lyndon Johnson in 1964 and 28% for Richard Nixon in 1968, all at about the same point in their campaigns. While the current ratings would seem to indicate that the country is turned off by politicians, Jordan believes that Carter's problem is chiefly his "soft" or blurred image.

To sharpen it, Carter plans to issue many position papers on issues such as urban problems, the economy and the plight of minorities. He will also emphasize the same issues used in the primaries—tax and welfare reform and Government reorganization—though he probably will divulge few new details to keep himself from becoming an easy target for Republicans.

The Carter strategy calls for him to spend much of his personal campaigning after Labor Day in a baker's-dozen large, pivotal states with a total of 291 of the 538 electoral votes: California, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas and Wisconsin. Considerably less effort will be made in 14 states in which Carter's aides anticipate almost certain victories; at this point, they foresee defeat in only six states, with a total of 27 electoral votes: Arizona, Idaho, Kansas, Utah, Vermont and Wyoming.

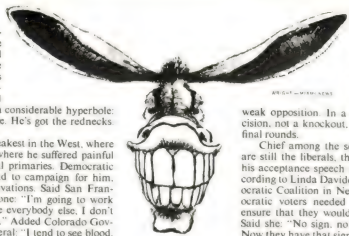
THE NATION

Of all the regions, Carter is in best shape in the South, which has not had one of its own in the White House since Tennessee's Andrew Johnson in 1865-69. Cracked his friend and adviser Charles Kirbo, with considerable hyperbole: "Jimmy's got the black vote. He's got the rednecks. Ain't nobody else."

Carter's campaign is weakest in the West, where he is not well known and where he suffered painful defeats in some of the final primaries. Democratic leaders in the region intend to campaign for him, but with some initial reservations. Said San Francisco Mayor George Moscone: "I'm going to work my ass off for him, but like everybody else, I don't know that much about him." Added Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, a liberal: "I tend to see blood, sweat and toil issues. I don't know what Carter thinks about them—if he does at all."

But there is no real danger that West Coast Democrats will defect or stay home in November. Said California Democratic National Committeeman Steve Reinhardt: "We're warming up to him slowly. But it's a lot easier to get excited about Carter while listening to Ford or Reagan than listening to Carter."

Among the delegates who actually saw Carter close up in New York last week, most skeptics seemed ready to be converted (see box below). Still, significant numbers of Democrats



are lukewarm about him and cannot be taken for granted. Several of Carter's key primary victories were achieved with about one-third of the vote, and many of the others were against

weak opposition. In a sense, Carter won by a decision, not a knockout, after staggering through the final rounds.

Chief among the soft spots in Carter's support are still the liberals, though many were buoyed by his acceptance speech and choice of Mondale. According to Linda Davidoff, a leader of the New Democratic Coalition in New York, many liberal Democratic voters needed some sign from Carter to ensure that they would participate in the election. Said she: "No sign, no work; maybe even no vote. Now they have that sign."

Some liberal leaders, however, are still wary about Carter. Said Joseph Rauh, former chairman of Americans for Democratic Action: "The question in my mind is whether the choice of Mondale means a turn to the left or is simply a sop to liberals." Added Tom Hayden, a leader of the antiwar demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago: "Carter represents the flip side of Democratic division. Once there was the war. Now there is bland euphoria. Some liberals have great expectations, but he could just try to restore trust by soothing without delivering."

continued on page 15

The Diehards Dissolve

Most had seen him only fleetingly before—perhaps at a campaign kaffeeklatsch or making a quick stump speech in the primaries. Only last week did hundreds of delegates get their first close look at Candidate Carter as he moved from parties to meetings of state delegations to the convention hall on the climactic night. Some dihard opponents continued to resent what they feel is Carter's insensitivity to issues that burn them. But to the majority, he came across as more magnanimous than he had been during the primaries, and as capable and, perhaps most important, open-minded. He answered every question—and made no promises. All this impressed many liberal, labor union, Jewish and Catholic delegates.

New Jersey's 108-member delegation, which had supported Hubert Humphrey and Jerry Brown, shifted behind the winner on election eve at the insistence of State Chairman James Dugan. After Carter's 35-minute appearance before the group Wednesday, Jersey City Mayor Paul Jordan declared: "There had been a sense that Carter was light and superficial. But he came across as thoughtful, intelligent and sincere."

A month ago, Philadelphia City Councilman Louis Johanson said that he would not vote for Carter under any circumstances. But he did—after his fallen favorite, Scoop Jackson, asked him to. By then the still-cynical Johanson had heard Brown address the delegation and cracked that "the difference between a babbling Baptist and a jumping Jesuit isn't that much." One reluc-

tant Manhattan delegate, Harold Jacob, criticized Carter for not making clear where he stands on Israel and other issues (like emigration from the Soviet Union) of concern to Jews, but he softened after the nomination of Fritz Mondale; he "has a good record on Israel, and Jewish people respect him."

Less susceptible to persuasion was a union business agent from Pennsylvania. Said he: "The Southern Baptist thing still bothers a lot of people, including me. And Carter is an amateur surrounded by amateurs." But later he, too, softened: "At heart I'm a Democrat." Many more labor delegates shared the mood of Jim Mahoney, executive vice president of the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO: "There will be enthusiasm for Carter. AFL-CIO President George Meany wants to go all the way for the Democratic ticket, and we're starting now, not two months from now."

Phil Duncan, 31, of Grand Prairie, Tex., who originally backed Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen, moved to Carter's camp because "he's as conservative as you can get out of the Democratic party today."

Yet quite a few of George Wallace's dihard supporters remained dour at their favorite's demise. Lester Skinner, 57, a Gaffney, S.C., real estate broker, cast a reluctant vote for Carter only after looking his hero in the eye and asking him "if he really meant we should support Carter. He told me he really meant it." Skinner expects Wallace supporters to "follow George's advice and

vote for Carter over Reagan" if the Californian is nominated.

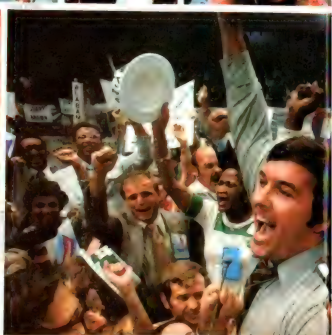
The most polarized delegation was the 280-member California contingent, bitterly split between Carter and Brown. Jessica Govea, 29, a Chicana union organizer from Bakersfield, was gungho for Jerry Brown largely because he had pushed through the nation's first collective bargaining law covering farm workers. She perceives Carter as too sympathetic to Big Agribusiness, but, if he makes a "gesture" toward the United Farm Workers, would work for him against Reagan and probably against Ford.

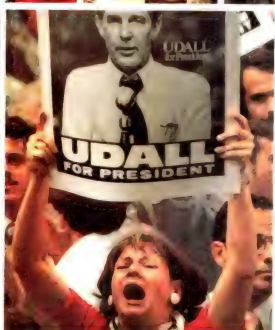
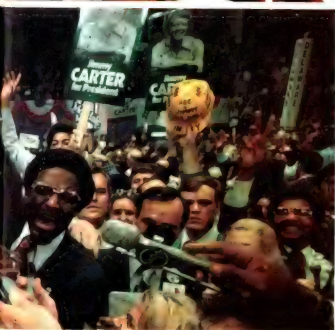
To some extent, Carter needlessly contributed to some lingering resentments, particularly among supporters of Mo Udall. Although Udall emerged from the primaries with a substantial claim to leadership of the party's liberal wing, he had been conspicuously left out of the vice-presidential sweepstakes by Carter—in part because of Udall's campaign advertising depicting Carter as two-faced. Grouched Cleveland Lawyer Sheldon Schecter, 49: "We feel so deeply about Mo. It hurts that he's being kind of ignored." Before pledging support, Schecter wants clearer declarations of Carter's positions on national health insurance, right-to-work laws and the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill. Another Udall backer, Ellen Kozak, 25, a Milwaukee attorney, is not pleased with Carter, but she is realistic: "We don't have anywhere else to go." More than that, whatever his strengths and weaknesses with the diverse ideological and ethnic blocs, Jimmy Carter had closed the door to none.

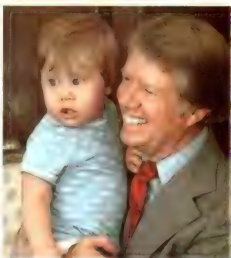
After his acceptance speech, Jimmy and Rosalynn celebrate with a victory kiss on the podium in Madison Square Garden. In front row, from left: Mother Lillian, Daughter Amy, Daughters-in-law Annette and Caron. In back are Sons Jack, Jeff and Chip.



Vice-presidential Candidate Walter Mondale greets the Garden crowd with his family. From left: Wife Joan and Children Teddy, 19, Eleanor, 16, and William, 14.







Inside the Carters' hotel suite, clockwise from top left: Amy catches up on a comic book; Jimmy gets a hug from Rosalynn; shows off his only grandson, Jason, eleven months; writes his acceptance speech; with Mother Lillian, watches on television the moment of victory as Ohio puts him over the top.



Such suspicions add fuel to the independent candidacy of former Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy, who so far has qualified to be on the ballot in ten states and hopes to be running in 45 states by November. Is McCarthy worried about throwing the election to the Republicans? Says he: "To spoil the difference between Jerry Ford and Jimmy Carter is not spoiling very much. I hope to make Carter's problems with the liberals worse." Surveys by Louis Harris and Carter's pollster Pat Caddell have found that, in some states, McCarthy could cost Carter between 5% and 10% of the voters—mostly students, suburban liberals and Catholic blue-collar workers. Such a drain would greatly help the Republican nominee in states where the race is close. Still, as the Carter campaign picks up momentum, Democrats and Republicans alike expect the McCarthy threat to fade. Said an official at the Republican National Committee: "If the 10% were true, I'd be the first to send McCarthy a contribution. But I think it's too high. Lightning isn't going to strike."

Carter also has to build up his support among blue-collar ethnics and Catholics, who make up about a quarter of the electorate. Catholics traditionally vote Democratic, but many of them are suspicious of Carter, as was reflected in his poor primary showings in heavily Catholic Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Rhode Island. The church hierarchy and many lay Catholics are offended by Carter's middle-of-the-road stand on abortion. He opposes it, but refuses to back a constitutional amendment banning abortion because he believes that women have a legal right to decide for themselves. Last week about a dozen Catholic leaders, including Terence Cardinal Cook of New York and John Cardinal Cody of Chicago, wrote to protest the Democratic platform plank on abortion, which is almost identical to Carter's position.

In addition, his Southern Baptist evangelism turns off many working-class urban voters. This is acknowledged by

Georgia Congressman Andrew Young, a key adviser. Said Young: "Nobody in the Carter camp now knows Milwaukee, Flint and Hoboken." Most of these voters are Catholics, but as Jordan observes, Carter's problem with them is more cultural than religious. Many urban ethnics are obviously suspicious of rural Southerners, particularly one who is overwhelmingly supported by blacks. Explained John DeLuca, former deputy mayor of San Francisco: "Part of it is his accent, and part of it is the fact that he wears his religion on his sleeve. That makes a lot of people uneasy." Said Michael Novak, a Catholic theologian and insightful analyst of U.S. politics: "It makes him come across as too pious, the good kid on the playground. There's no sex appeal in that." Wrote Columnist Jim Miller in the Brooklyn church weekly the *Tablet*: "It is a whole cultural style and delivery that is foreign to people who are not rural. Southern fundamentalists. Ford is a known factor who does not threaten [Catholics] culturally."

The ethnic resistance to Carter, however, may well turn out to be an overexaggerated fear. In the end, most ethnics will probably stay in the Democratic fold. Predicted Sal Venezia, a city official in Catholic East Boston: "We've had enough of Republicans, regardless of who the Democratic nominee is." Added

Joseph Mayer, a Philadelphia plumber: "This Southern Baptist thing is overblown. Some of my best customers are Baptists." But Carter is taking no chances. He plans to take steps to smooth over relations with the church hierarchy and hopes to improve his showing among urban Catholics and ethnics by stressing issues that concern them, such as unemployment and health care.

Carter is in better shape with other Democratic voting blocs. During the convention, he defused potential problems with feminists by assuring them that women would play a prominent role in his campaign and, if elected, in his Administration. Two aides, Harriet Zimmerman of Atlanta and David Berg of Houston, met with Jewish delegates to try to ease any remaining doubts. Carter disarmed Hispanic delegates by greeting them in slightly halting Spanish and telling them: "When I get into the White House, I can assure you that you will have a friend there."

If he does indeed win, the general directions of a Carter Administration seem clear. His main goal would be to reorganize the Federal Government, sharply reducing and consolidating the number of federal agencies and departments, in hopes of making the bureaucracy more efficient and responsive. He would

PRESS SECRETARY POWELL IN CONVENTION HOTEL



BORGES/ONYX



CAMPAIGN MANAGER HAMILTON JORDAN

ADVISER CHARLES KIRBO
Hell-bent on victory.

wait at least a year before tackling this, taking the time to study the gargantuan Government structure. But right now task forces are at work figuring out how to streamline Government. He also plans to have the Federal Government pay more of the cost of welfare, enact national health insurance covering all Americans and reform the federal tax structure (though he has been maddeningly vague about details). How he can accomplish all this and at the same time reduce the size of Government, as he has implied he would, remains a major puzzle.

As for possible Cabinet appointments, predicts Andrew Young, "there will be a lot of surprises," because Carter "likes to do things boldly." As Governor, Carter usually reached outside the circle of close supporters to fill important posts, and he probably would do so again as President. Tension with the Democratic Congress will be inevitable, largely because Senators and Representatives are not likely to become less assertive in such areas as budget making and foreign policy, not even if a member of their own party is in the White House. But Young expects Carter's folksy style to smooth out many problems. Explained Young: "He's a charmer. He will have folks in and out of that White House like it was the corner store."

Of course, there is still the matter of Nov. 2. Carter's more immediate task is to persuade Americans that he can pull the nation together and is worthy of being President. By skillfully mobilizing the Democrats at the convention, he made a big step in that direction, but he has a lot of road still to travel.

A Happy Garden Party

Two scantily clad young women strolled the sidewalks a few blocks from New York's Madison Square Garden, eying the men passing by and uttering an inviting "Hi!" They were posing as prostitutes, trying to get arrested in order to stir a protest against the city's new anti-loitering law. But two street-wise cops caught the ploy. "They didn't have the moves," scoffed one.

Only a dozen homosexuals showed up for a scheduled mass love-in at a park in downtown Manhattan. There was not a policeman in sight to give a care. The once notorious Paul Krassner, a founder of the Youth International Party, sadly watched a crowd of 250 of his Yippies getting stoned in Central Park as a demonstration for the legalization of marijuana. Cops looked on with detached amusement. "People don't care if you smoke," grouched Krassner. "It's become irrelevant."

Amid the peaceful aura emanating from the 1976 Democratic National Convention in a sometimes bloody boxing and hockey arena transformed into a political Garden of Eden, there was no way to incite a fight over anything. The fiery war issues of 1968 and 1972 seemed ancient history; the countercultural revolution had turned passé. The Democratic Party was both luxuriating in and seeming a bit bored and stifled by its newfound h-a-a-a-r-m-o-n-y. Complained California Political Consultant Don Bradley, "All this sweetness and light turns my stomach."

With debate deliberately limited by the convention rules, the only minority report adopted by the convention was an innocuous platform amendment promising to loosen Hatch Act restrictions against political activities by Government employees; a similar proposal was passed by the Democratic Congress but vetoed by President Ford. The lack of controversy was less a result of rigid control by the Carter forces than of patient conciliatory efforts by Democratic Chairman Robert Strauss over the past three years and of Carter's own persuasiveness last week. In earnest appearances before restive groups of women, blacks and Latinos, Carter promised each that they would be visibly represented at high levels in his campaign and in the Government he hopes to organize. He pledged all-out support of the Equal Rights Amendment and assured women that each key party committee would have at least a 50% female membership.

In its most stirring moment, the convention also sought to bury more than a century of division over race. The party gave its most reverently heartfelt ovation to the hulking figure of a black woman, Barbara Jordan. The Texas

Congresswoman's resonant plea that the barriers that divide Americans be finally bridged ("Notwithstanding the past, my presence here is one additional bit of evidence that the American dream need not forever be deferred") will take its place among Democratic Convention oratorical classics: the eloquent addresses of Adlai Stevenson in 1952, Alben Barkley in 1948, Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1932, William Jennings Bryan in 1896.

The party that had long tended more toward convulsions than conventions this time squelched each lingering itch for fratricide. Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, booed and hooted in 1968 for unleashing his clubbing cops against antiwar protesters and banned altogether in 1972 by the overzealous George McGovern reformists, was back at his pink-faced best, basking in interviews, murdering the language in a forgettable speech explaining the urban affairs plank of the



THE TICKET AS SEEN BY GEORGIA DELEGATE



VIRGINIA DELEGATES EXPRESS THEIR FEELINGS ABOUT THE CANDIDATE ON FINAL NIGHT
The h-a-a-a-r-m-o-n-y was a bit boring, but held high hopes.

party's bland rock-no-boats platform. Alabama's once feisty Governor George Wallace, who only four months ago was widely expected to enter the convention with some 500 combative delegates demanding a measure of blood for past slights, faded forlornly away in a listless six-minute speech that was barely audible. Yet one more time he railed against the "bureaucratic briefcase toilers who ought to have their briefcases thrown into the Potomac River." Then Wallace was wheeled away to little applause as Peter Duchin's band fittingly played *Alabama Bound*. (Never

once during the convention did the band play *Dixie*. Georgia's Carter and aides felt that the song stirs divisive rather than unifying emotions.)

The Democrats did not, of course, extend that feeling of good cheer toward their Republican opponents. Although Candidate Carter and his teams of advisers went out of their way to praise President Ford as a decent, well-intentioned man, convention oratory repeatedly linked him and Richard Nixon Watergate, expected to be almost a surreal issue, was cited in varied pointed ways: "Who broke and entered in

night?" asked New York Governor Hugh Carey on opening day. "Who opened the mails? Who tapped the phones?" Hubert Humphrey, in the second night's most resounding old-style oratory, drew sustained applause by assailing "these self-appointed experts on law-and-order" who took crime "off the street and put it in the White House."

Humphrey, a beloved party figure whose final chance to reach the top had been brushed aside in the Carter sweep, enjoyed the convention's most intense display of affection. Resplendent in a youthful powder-blue suit, the man who would have been elected President in 1968 if he had been afforded even half the degree of party unity that Carter now enjoys, received a cheering whistling ovation. Maine's Ed Muskie, passed over finally for the vice pres-

idency, was warmly applauded as well.

Two of the men who had valiantly but vainly challenged Carter in the primaries rose gracefully to the occasion with two of the better speeches. Idaho's Frank Church, despite a late hour, awoke dozing delegates with a rousing attack on the foreign policy of "the Nixon-Ford Administration." Cried he to cheers "Candor in making foreign policy, with all its liabilities, is preferable to deceit." Arizona's Morris Udall, freeing his more than 300 delegates to vote for whomever they wished, noted that "this is a night for peaches and peanuts and not a very good night for cactus." Normally, Udall joked, "when Democrats assemble a firing squad, they always gather in a circle. But when we get together, watch out, and tonight we are together." Carter, said Udall, had

he thanked them for "not unleashing" Brown until the final weeks of the primary campaign.

The convention potentially marked another shift—the fading of the Kennedy family from its foremost place in Democratic politics. True, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis could still disrupt the activities by her mere entrance into a prominent box. Seated near her stylish sister Lee Radziwill and well-groomed friends, Jackie was flanked by the plain, spontaneous Carter sons, Jack, Chip and Jeff, as well as the smilingly smart wife Rosalynn—in their own way perhaps symbolic of a future, very different social scene in Washington.

Teddy Kennedy still was often be-



JACQUELINE ONASSIS, WITH NEPHEW TONY RADZIWILL, RESPONDS TO CONVENTION WELCOME

"beat us fair and square," and, he noted, "This is a good man, Jimmy Carter, and he will make a strong President, and I am behind him."

If Humphrey's and Muskie's times had passed, while Church and Udall had gained stature in defeat, California Governor Jerry Brown had entered the primary race late, scored surprising successes and clearly caught the presidential bug. ("I like running for President," he told a *TIME* luncheon during the convention.) He allowed his name to be placed in nomination, then strode a bit dramatically into the hall to take his delegation's microphone and switch the earlier, predominantly Brown California vote to 278 for Carter and "two floating somewhere in the hall."

Never any kind of convention threat to Carter, Brown privately had high praise for the Georgian's "intelligence and energy"—but is most certainly expected to take another, better-aimed shot of his own at the national scene whenever the chance beckons. He might well have to wait eight years, when he will be only 46. Carter visited the California delegates in their hotel, where



BROWN ADDRESSING CALIFORNIA CAUCUS
The wait could take eight years.

sieged by reporters and admirers, but his convention seat far across the hall from Jackie's was out of the spotlight. Moreover, not once did he take the podium—the first time since 1952 that a Kennedy had not done so at a Democratic Convention. As Teddy visited the Massachusetts delegation on the floor of the Garden, a misty-eyed woman delegate said, "This is a very emotional moment."

Were there tensions between the emerging Carter and departing Kennedy clans? If so, both parties worked to smooth them over. As the Senator said kind words about the candidate in a Walter Cronkite interview, Carter placed a call to the CNS booth in the Garden. "Hello," said Carter to Kennedy. "I just watched you. I appreciate the things you said. I look forward to working closely with you in the election. I value your judgment and advice very, very much." Pleased by Kennedy's promise of support, Carter replaced the



MAYOR DALEY ON FLOOR OF THE GARDEN

THE NATION

receiver. The call may have symbolized a significant moment of transition in the party.

The formal affirmation of the change was undramatic. Placed in nomination by New Jersey Congressman Peter Rodino, whose high-pitched voice was ill-equipped to combat the hall's poor acoustics and chronically inattentive audience—but whose Italian background and Watergate impeachment role were subtly suited to the politics of the moment—Carter swept to his expected first-ballot nomination. Because Massachusetts, apparently confused on its vote count, at first abstained, the honor of putting Carter over the top fell fittingly to Ohio, where Carter's late primary victory wiped out all lingering vestiges of a stop-Carter movement.

Before delegations switched their votes and Carter was declared the convention's nominee by acclamation, he had rolled up 2,238½ votes to 329½ for Udall, 300½ for Brown, 57 for Wallace and 22 for Anti-Abortionist Ellen McCormack.* There were few surprises in the preordained voting result—and, thus, no great display of emotion.

On the convention's last day, there were some tears in the Garden during the poignant, if a bit bizarre vice-presidential nomination of Fritz Efaw, 29, who had avoided

*There were 60½ votes for others, including 19 for Church, ten each for Humphrey and Henry Jackson, and nine for Fred Harris. Among those getting one vote were Kennedy, Cesar Chavez and Leon Jaworski.

the Viet Nam draft by living in exile in London. Seconded by Ron Kovic, a paraplegic casualty of the war ("I am the living dead"), Efaw made a plea for a broad amnesty for all Viet Nam service evaders before withdrawing his name.

Later, the delegates gave more joyous emotions full rein, happily bouncing two beach balls high in the colorful hall while awaiting the nominees. Fritz Mondale, normally a reserved, if witty, man, shook off the nervousness apparent at a morning press conference in which Carter had revealed his choice, and delivered a punchy, shouting speech.

"Tonight we stand together as a party," he declared. "We stand together as a nation, united at long last. North and South, Georgia and Minnesota—one."

New York: Best Foot Forward

As he watched defenseless delegates from the Democratic National Convention strolling blithely along Eighth Avenue near Times Square one night last week, a native New Yorker feared for their safety. "I kept wanting to shout to them to jump in a cab and get out of there," he exclaimed. "But then I noticed that the whole street was strangely quiet. Most of the usual weird people weren't there."

Was that it? Or was it that—along with countless cops, cabbies, counter-men and other normally curmudgeonly denizens of Convention City—the muggers, pickpockets and prostitutes who normally infest the area were on their best behavior? To be sure, the lone Wallace delegate in the Texas delegation lost \$500 to a mugger on a fashionable street bordering Central Park late one night. Some Oklahoma delegates had their Berkshire Hotel rooms rifled, but as one of them said: "It could have happened

in any city." An Ohioan chased a burglar trying to break into his car, caught him, and returned to find that his car had been towed away from its no-parking zone by police; he paid \$75 to get it back.

On the other hand, a cabbie returned a \$300 camera left by a photographer in a taxi, and cops actually retrieved the trousers stolen from one delegate's room, returning a wallet. North Dakota Delegate Bonnie Miller, 37, who had said on arrival, "I feel like I'm going to a foreign country," reported at week's end: "The city is full of families and people having fun. I'd just love to stay for a whole month." Texas Delegate Glen Maxey, 24, and a friend, about to be turned away from the posh, 65th-floor Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center because they were coatless and tieless, reminded the headwaiter that "your mayor told us we could go anywhere we wanted." The headwaiter smiled and,

wonder of wonders, escorted them to a window table.

Paddy Goldman, a native working at the Sheraton as a convention hostess, marveled at the "amazing atmosphere of friendliness in the city. Everyone is talking to everyone else and being very helpful. I'm actually sharing cabs with people! Now, when can you get New Yorkers to share cabs? I wonder if I'll be doing it next week."

Despite the turmoil around Madison Square Garden and some key hotels, the city seemed to be under no strain as it handled the great event—in fact, it simply seemed to swallow it up. A few blocks from the convention area, it was as if the 20,000 delegates, alternates, friends, relatives and sundry spear carriers were not even there. It surely must have seemed that way, at least, to numerous barkeeps, concessionaires and other small businessmen, who had been anticipating a bonanza and were bitterly disappointed when none materialized. One cab driver was particularly irritated with the city for carting delegates around in buses. "I got me a sack for all the money I was gonna make on this," he complained. "Now I gotta sell the sack to eat. Business is terrible."

Whatever the account books ultimately say about the convention's impact on New York, the city can enter the event as a distinct plus on the image ledger. On the final night of the convention, Texas delegates held up cards spelling out TEXAS THANKS NEW YORK CITY, and the rest of the crowd began a chant that must have been music to Mayor Abe Beame's ears: "We love New York, we love New York."

Certainly, there were glimpses of the city's seamy side—its grime and crime, high prices and low vices. But the picture that emerged more clearly was of a city that, for all the literature about its coldness, does seem to have a heart beating somewhere in all that concrete.

NORTH DAKOTA DELEGATE BONNIE MILLER (RIGHT) IN CENTRAL PARK



DAVID J. PHILLIPS



HUMPHREY ADDRESSES THE CROWD
Love for one whose time had passed.

Mondale accused the Republican Administration of having "tried to paralyze the momentum for human justice in America... that special American notion of fairness and compassion." He drew a thunderous reaction with his blunt charge: "We have just lived through the worst political scandal in American history and are now led by a President who pardoned the person who did it." Assailing Ford vetoes and a "deadlock of American democracy," Mondale pledged that "the first thing we are going to do when President Carter is elected is to get this Government moving again."

Before Carter strode down a floor aisle amid standing cheers, delegates and TV viewers watched a skillful, effective film, produced by Carter's media director Gerald Raffshoon, that traced the candidate's lonely fight for the nomination through 19 months to its triumphant finish. The film even took humorous delight in cartoonists' fascination with Carter's glistening toothy grin.

But it was Carter's dramatic speech, delivered with his uniquely understated softness, barely pausing to let a point sink in, yet building in a gentle cadence to convey undertones of strong emotion, that befittingly climaxed the convention. Carter had spent some 30 hours honing the speech, which was about 65% wholly his own effort. The rest was mostly the work of his top speechwriter, Patrick Anderson. Carter had used a tape recorder to practice his delivery. Surprisingly populist in thrust, yet with bows to free enterprise and an appeal to patriotic pride, the speech elaborated on Carter's now familiar campaign themes.

"My name is Jimmy Carter and I'm running for President," he began in a jo-

vial reminder of those days not long ago when everyone was asking, "Jimmy Who? Running for what?" Then, in a wholly attentive hall, he spoke of "a new mood in America. We have been shaken by a tragic war abroad and by scandals and broken promises at home. Our people are searching for new voices and new ideas and new leaders." Americans have emerged from these ordeals, he added, as "idealists without illusions, realists who still know the old dreams of justice and liberty—of country and community."

Carter ran through the Democratic pantheon—F.D.R., Harry Truman, John Kennedy—and, in the new spirit of unity, restored Lyndon Johnson to the roll, calling him "a great-hearted Texan, who took office in a tragic hour and who went on to do more than any other President in this century to advance the cause of human rights." Responding, delegates applauded the memory of L.B.J., whose role in a tragic war was never mentioned.

Carter lauded the immigrants who had helped build the party, drawing a few smirks with his pronunciation of "Eye-talians," but he scored in attacking the Ford Administration. "We have been governed by veto too long," he said. "We have suffered enough at the hands of a tired and worn-out Administration without new ideas, without youth or vitality, without vision, and without the confidence of the American people." After "a time of torment," he argued, "it is now a time for healing. It is time for the people to run the Government and not the other way around." Next year, Carter predicted, "we are going to have that new leadership," adding in a frequent ad lib to his text: "You can depend on it."

In an extravagant passage that will be hotly debated during the campaign, Carter assailed an undefined "elite." This unnamed "they," he charged, "never stand in line looking for a job" when

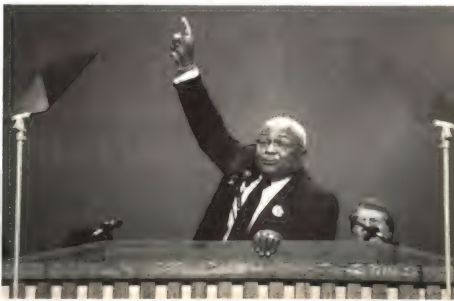
unemployment prevails, never lack a place to sleep when "a confused and bewildering welfare system" fails, never suffer from inferior education, but send their children "to exclusive private schools." They benefit from "an unfair tax structure—and tight secrecy always seems to prevent reform." Carter called the income tax system "a disgrace to the human race," promised reform, and vowed "You can depend on it."

"The poor, the weak, the aged, the afflicted must be treated with respect and compassion and with love," said Carter, who then explained: "I have spoken a lot of times this year about love, but love must be aggressively translated into simple justice."

Typically, Carter went on to pledge that if he is elected in November, he will be "a President who is not isolated from the people, but who feels your pain and shares your dreams, and takes his strength and wisdom and courage from you. I see an America on the move again, united, a diverse and vital and tolerant nation, entering our third century with pride and confidence—an America that lives up to the majesty of our Constitution and the simple decency of our people. This is the America we want. This is the America we will have."

The Carter rhetoric was general, moralistic, populist, a bit preachy. But it carried a revivalist's ring of sincerity, and it had propelled him far in 19 months on a tortuous campaign trail. At any rate, as the Rev. Martin Luther King Sr. ended the convention with a spirited Baptist benediction, and all the hall joined in a reminiscent rendition of *We Shall Overcome*, the Democratic soil in Madison Square Garden was nourished by many a delegate's mixed emotions of nostalgia over some proud battles of the past, general happiness over the current harmony and high hope for the fall campaign.

REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING SR. CLOSING CONVENTION WITH BAPTIST BENEDICTION



The Straightest Arrow

For five weeks before the Democratic Convention, the race for the vice-presidential nomination had been run and rerun within the confines of Jimmy Carter's methodical mind.

Carter kept his own counsel about the result to the last. Just before 8:30 a.m. on the day after his nomination, Carter quietly slipped word of his choice to the Secret Service, so that it could arrange protection. Then Carter told his wife Rosalynn, who had specifically asked not to be informed any sooner because she feared that she might not be able to keep the secret. At 8:30, Carter put through a call to the fancy Carlyle Hotel on Manhattan's Upper East Side. "Would you like to run with me?" Carter asked. Minnesota's Senator Walter Frederick "Fritz" Mondale, 48, needed no time at all to think about his answer. It was a quick, much relieved yes. Except for the formalities, the Democrats had their 1976 ticket.

The vice-presidential choice is often a frantic afterthought, a decision argued out in the exhausted nominee's hotel suite in the small hours after the presidential balloting has ended. But Jimmy Carter, assured of his convention victory weeks beforehand, painstakingly canvassed some 40 national leaders for their suggestions. He prepared preliminary lists, then dispatched his Atlanta confidant, Lawyer Charles Kirbo, to in-

terview the possible choices (TIME July 12). Kirbo took along questionnaires: "What is the condition of your health? Have you ever had psychiatric or other treatment? If divorced, in what court?" And so on. Kirbo asked about financial records, and any potential scandals in the background (One of Glenn's aides said it was like "filing a loan application with Household Finance.") Then Carter settled on seven finalists. All were from Congress. Having run in the primaries on an anti-Washington theme, Carter needed a Mr. Inside to go along with his Mr. Outside image. Among other things, there will be both a new Speaker of the House and Senate Majority Leader next January, and Carter understands the need for a good working relationship with the Hill.

Some suspected that Carter's search was merely a publicity stunt—like David O. Selznick's nationwide search for the perfect Scarlett O'Hara—to enliven a convention that was otherwise a foregone conclusion. The evidence suggests, however, that Carter was honestly looking for the candidate who best fulfilled his three criteria: 1) qualification to serve as President; 2) compatibility of views; and 3) regional or ideological balance.

New Jersey Congressman Peter Rodino, apparently never a serious contender, eventually took himself out of consideration, citing age (67) and eye trouble (possible glaucoma). Senators Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois and Henry Jackson of Washington seemed to trail from the outset. After the June 8 primaries, Idaho Senator Frank Church appeared the likely favorite. Entering the primaries late, Church proved an effective campaigner, winning in Nebraska, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. He had expertise where Carter was weakest, in foreign affairs. But Church faded fast. It is said that some fellow Senators advised against him and probably more important, Kirbo was not overly impressed with him.

Senator John Glenn's fortunes apparently were the next to rise, especial-



MONDALE GIVING ACCEPTANCE SPEECH
A Mr. Inside for Mr. Outside.

ly after a survey by Carter Pollster Pat Caddell showed him and Maine's Muskie to be the most popular choices on one list of 14 possible candidates. Glenn flew to Plains, Ga., where he got along famously with Carter's family (he was eight-year-old Amy's favorite). But his relative inexperience (18 months in the Senate) and seeming malleability weighed against him.

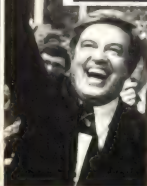
Muskie had the obvious advantages of his distinguished Government experience (17 years in the Senate, two terms as Maine Governor) and his Catholicism. Carter sensed trouble with Catholics; Muskie might help there.

When Fritz Mondale made the pilgrimage to Plains—to what the Chicago Daily News-Peter Lisagor referred to as "the Court of St. James"—Carter found himself immensely and unexpectedly impressed. Mondale, known as one of the most reflective and studious men in the Senate, had thoroughly backgrounded himself on Carter. He made a point of reading Carter's autobiography *Why Not the Best?*, which he kindly referred to last week as "the best book ever written." Although Mondale is one of the most liberal men in the Senate, Carter found him undogmatic, practical and ideologically as well as personally compatible. Carter was impressed that Mondale served on the Senate Finance and Budget committees, that proved a distinct plus in the eyes of the Georgian, a trained engineer who relies heavily on concepts of planning and management. Unlike Muskie, Mondale is a new face, a new generation. What is more, as a friend points out, "He is an ideal choice in the post-Watergate period. He is the world's straightest arrow."

"Last week, Carter said he would propose that future conventions recess to allow the presidential nominee about 30 days to decide on a running mate and then reconvene to ratify the choice," says the Democrats' National Committee to choose.



FRANK CHURCH (LEFT), CARTER
WITH EDMUND MUSKIE (ABOVE)
& WITH JOHN GLENN



As the selection process neared an end, Carter's campaign manager Hamilton Jordan smilingly told *TIME*: "Jimmy ordered a pair of dice sent up to his room last night." That was a joke, of course, but the fact is that though Carter proceeded methodically, in the end, as he said, "it was a subjective analysis"—a matter of chemistry. He liked Mondale's intelligence, self-sufficiency and dry humor. The earnestly handsome Mondale, like Carter, is a Protestant (Presbyterian), but as the Georgian said, "I can't balance a ticket all that many ways."

Carter admitted he had been troubled that Mondale had aborted his early presidential bid in 1974 on the grounds that he lacked the stomach for a long, grueling race. He was the first man out on the track and the first one off it. In just six months in 1974, Mondale gave more than 100 speeches, traveled nearly 200,000 miles, visited 31 states and made image-building trips to Moscow, Paris and Israel—only to discover that no one seemed to care. In the presiden-

cial to Mondale, Carter called each of the others. Said Muskie: "Aside from the frustration he created, I thought he handled it with dignity and without demeaning any of us." Church joked that he had had an omen: "Lightning struck my house two days ago in Bethesda, and you know they say that lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place." John Glenn confessed regret, but smiled: "We finally found out who's going to mow my lawn this weekend. Me."

In the Democrats' harmonious mood, few objected to Mondale. Some Southerners were unhappy with the choice of a Northern liberal, but Carter said he was reassured when the Alabama and Georgia delegations expressed their enthusiasm for Mondale.



WEDDING DAY, 1955

Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley had been pushing Stevenson, but accepted Carter's choice warmly. "I'm very happy with the ticket," said Daley. "In Illinois, it'll help." Basil Paterson, chairman of the Caucus of Black Democrats, described the caucus as "overwhelmingly enthusiastic."

When Mondale was re-elected to his second full term in the Senate in 1972, Hubert Humphrey said "We are seeing the beginning of a truly great national career that can take Fritz Mondale to the office that I long sought." After Mondale dropped out of the race in November 1974, he returned to Capitol Hill. But he had not really abandoned his interest in gaining higher office. He was impressed by Carter—whom he hardly knew.

Urged by some liberal Senate staffers to get back into the race after the Pennsylvania primary seemed to leave Carter with a clear field, Mondale said, "No, I've signed up with Berlitz for a course in Southern."

During more than three hours of talks in Plains, Carter and Mondale found they agreed on the basic issues, although the Georgian has generally walked the middle of the road, while the Minnesotan is a staunch liberal (his voting record last year received a 94% rating from the Americans for Democratic Action—the same as Humphrey's). Mondale has a reputation of being one of the leading supporters of busing, but he and Carter even had a meeting of minds on that touchy issue. Choosing his words carefully—and



WITH MAYOR HUBERT HUMPHREY (1947)
Help from the diaper brigade.

seeming to hedge his previous positions a bit—Mondale says: "I have never been an advocate of busing for the purpose of achieving racial balance. But I have supported the courts in enforcing the law, which occasionally required busing." That is just about what Carter has been saying all along.

Eager to please, Mondale not only supplied Carter with copies of his income tax returns for the past five years but also a report from his doctor describing his only ailment—a minor case of hypertension. (Carter referred the report to Kirbo's personal physician, who agreed that it did not indicate a serious problem.)

As they talked, Carter was attracted by Mondale's deep concern for social issues, a set of beliefs that reflect the hardy strain of populism and reformism that grew up in America's Northern plains. Frederick Mondal, his great-grandfather, emigrated from Norway's Sogne Fjord in 1856 to become a homesteading farmer in Minnesota. The candidate's father, Theodore Sigvard Mondale, was a farmer and a land speculator who became a Methodist minister before being wiped out in the 20s by a series of misfortunes—including the long and financially draining illness of his first wife. Before she died in 1923, she mentioned that a good new wife for her husband would be Claribel Cowan—a strong woman with blue eyes and broad



AS A BABY IN MINNESOTA

tial preference polls, he was getting the support of only 2% of the voters, a figure that put him, he wryly notes, "three percent behind 'don't know.'"

Worse yet, Mondale disliked the whole frantic hoopla of running for the presidency and the business of asking people to give him money. Confessed Carter: "I had a slight feeling of resentment that I had worked hard, and he had not." (There was some irony in Carter's choosing the dropout over men like Jackson and Church, who had fought hard in the primaries.) But the Georgian was persuaded by Mondale's explanation that he had simply assessed his campaign realistically and concluded it was going nowhere.

The also-rans took the decision with good grace. Within minutes of his phone

THE NATION

shoulders who had studied music at Northwestern University.

After a courtship conducted mainly by mail, the two were married in 1925 and in time had three sons, Clarence Mondale, 50, Fritz's older brother, is now a professor of American history at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Morton Mondale, 41, is an education official in Aberdeen, S.D. While Fritz was growing up in a succession of hard-hit towns, the family had enough money—but only barely. "We lived in houses most people wouldn't consider habitable," recalls Morton, "but I never considered myself poor."

All during those years, farmers and storekeepers in the small towns of Minnesota were going bankrupt. The Rev. Theodore Mondale fumed at what he felt were the injustices of the system, and his outrage had a lasting effect on his sons. Mondale—who is well known as a defender of the urban poor—also champions the farmer whenever he can. The Senator was further influenced by his parents' dedication to the old-fashioned virtues of hard work, frugality and compassion.

The senior Mondale had other last-

ing influences on his son. "He would tell us, 'You only get spanked for lying or dishonesty,'" the Senator recalls. His father discouraged his sons from using tobacco by forcing them to smoke two cigars—enough to make them wretchedly sick. Alcohol was also banned in the Mondale household. Fritz Mondale still only smokes an occasional cigar, and two Scotches amount to a bender.

In high school, Mondale was known as "Crazy Legs" for his exploits on the football field and celebrated for his rich rendition of *Ol' Man River* at the Elmore theater. He was an intense young man, if an indifferent student, who had formed something called the Republican Party while still in junior high.

To earn money to attend Macalester College in St. Paul, Mondale worked as a pea-aphid inspector for the Green Giant company in the town of Blue Earth. It was at Macalester that Mondale first got involved with Hubert Humphrey and set his career on the course that was to carry him to the vice-presidential nomination.

Those were the days when Hum-

phrey, Orville Freeman (later Governor) and John F. Kennedy's Secretary of Agriculture), Karl Rolvaag (later Governor) and others were struggling to banish far-left-wingers and Communists from the newly merged Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party. Mondale helped out as one of the student volunteers known as "the diaper brigade." The liberal D.F.L. has been a powerful force in Minnesota politics since the late '40s.

In 1948, aged 20 and still at Macalester, Mondale helped Humphrey in his first Senate race, running Hubert's campaign in the normally Republican 2nd District. Humphrey won there by 8,500 votes.

After Fritz's father died, there was no money to keep him in college. His plight was recalled by Mondale's father-in-law, Maxwell Adams, then chaplain at Macalester. "Fritz was called in by the financial officer of the college," says Adams, "and told, 'You owe \$40 for the second semester.' Well, he didn't have \$40. He went to professors he knew and they didn't have \$40 either." So Mondale dropped out and went to Washington as head of the student arm of the Americans for Democratic Action

Getting 100% of the Vote

Before he received the Democratic vice-presidential nomination, Minnesota's Senator Walter Mondale came to lunch with TIME editors and other staff members to discuss Jimmy Carter, the vice presidency and other issues. Excerpts:

ON JIMMY CARTER: He is very bright. He has done a lot of work, and I like the way he attacks problems. Most politicians, I regret to say, begin with polls and then back into a solution after they've analyzed what may be popular, and avoid what is unpopular. At least, in our discussions we talked about problems first on their own merit ... One thing that appeals to Democrats—he's shown a lot of courage on civil rights. Here's a man who looks honest, looks decent, looks like he can manage, looks like he's not full of himself and looks like he's free. He doesn't have any entangling interests that control him, and he just might be the person to shake up that town [Washington] and make it work the way people want it to work.

ON SKEPTICISM ABOUT CARTER: Outside the South, the border states and a few states in which he has campaigned heavily, like New Hampshire and maybe Pennsylvania, Carter is still not well known. While the polls indicate that he has very strong appeal in a general sense, I think there is also a softness there that has to be dealt with, and I think he understands. I think that is partly the skepticism of our age. They

test all of us. They expect we are all liars and cheaters or abductors, and it takes a while for a new public personality, particularly coming out of a unique environment, to sell himself.

ON CYNICISM ABOUT GOVERNMENT:

The feeling that somehow Government has gotten away from basic standards and integrity is very deep—and a feeling that there's a double standard for the rich and powerful. People also feel that Government doesn't work, and they need someone to make it responsive and make it respectful.

ON RONALD REAGAN: There's not a hint of human justice, of social justice in his argument at all. And I don't think he is looked on as a symbol of integrity. He's not tainted. But I don't think people feel the same about him in this regard of honesty and integrity and management as they do about Carter ... Reagan's an impressive performer, but what he says scares people.

ON GERALD FORD: If Ford is the nominee, I assume there are all kinds of games planned. The Bureau of Labor Statistics will be reporting good news. Interest rates will drop dramatically. Agreements of little significance will be promoted. Just all kinds of games that they can play ... But Ford's biggest problem is that I just don't think he is quite bright enough to be a good President. A nice guy, but the nice just doesn't cut well enough.

ON THE VICE PRESIDENCY: Carter said the problem has been that Presidents feel threatened by Vice Presidents. They don't want to share the stage. He said, "I don't feel threatened that way and I don't believe I will. I'm going to need a lot of help running this Government" ... I told Carter if it is a ceremonial job, I'm not interested.

ON BUSING: My position has always been not for busing as such but that I'm opposed to repeal of the 14th Amendment, which prohibits discrimination. A sensitive Government would use its influence to work with the courts to achieve the elimination of discrimination in ways that diminish the disruption and tensions and the unnecessary busing. Atlanta may be the example of how it should be handled ... They worked out a program in which there's minimum busing, but in which the black feels thoroughly comfortable.

ON CIA AND FBI REVELATIONS: Those bastards down there [in Washington] have got to figure out that there are some rules in this society that they're going to live with, along with everyone else. They're going to tell the truth, they're going to obey the law, and they're going to listen to people ... But the idea that you can defend this nation within the Constitution, under the law, and tell the truth is still considered a sort of childish, feminine position.

ON BEING PICKED FOR THE TICKET: Everybody thinks it's easy to be appointed. It's the toughest of all. You have to get 100% of the vote.

A photograph of the USS Zumwalt (DDG 963) at sea, engulfed in flames. The ship is dark, and the fire is bright orange and yellow, consuming the upper decks and superstructure. The hull number 963 is visible on the bow. The sky is a hazy, orange-brown color.

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—whose director was none other than Humphrey.

Mondale spent a year there, then transferred to the University of Minnesota, graduating in 1951. After two years in the Army, he returned to get a law degree at the university. Mondale spent a year with Orville Freeman's prestigious Minneapolis law firm, then opened his own office with Harry MacLaughlin, a law-school friend now a member of the state's supreme court. In 1958 Mondale helped manage Freeman's successful campaign for a third

term as Governor, and in May 1960, when the state's attorney general abruptly retired, Freeman appointed his old aide to the job.

That November, Mondale won election to a full term as attorney general. He attracted some attention outside Minnesota in 1962 when he helped persuade 22 other state attorneys general to join in a legal crusade. They endorsed a brief for the U.S. Supreme Court supporting the claim by an indigent Florida convict named

Clarence Earl Gideon. Gideon insisted that state courts should provide free counsel to those who could not afford their own lawyers. Gideon won his landmark case.

When Lyndon Johnson picked Humphrey for his running mate in 1964, Mondale's career got another big boost. At Humphrey's urging, Governor Rolvaag appointed Mondale to the vacant Senate seat. Mondale easily won election in his own right in 1966 (capturing 54% of the vote) and re-election in 1972 (with 57%). His maiden speech

'We've Never Had Him at Home'

In coming weeks, visitors to Washington, D.C., who board a particular sightseeing bus may well be greeted by a tour hostess who will tell them about various points of interest—and then wind up by asking them to vote for her husband for Vice President of the U.S. Joan Mondale, 45, the Senator's quick-witted and sturdily self-possessed wife, works regularly for Washington Whirl-Around, a visitors' service operated by her friend Ellen Proxmire, wife of the Wisconsin Senator. "It's so much fun," says Mrs. Mondale. "They're all strangers I'm talking to, and that's what I've been doing all my political life. I am really prepared for this job."

The daughter of the chaplain at Macalester College (he is Presbyterian, while Mondale's father was a Methodist minister), Joan Adams was a freshman when Mondale was an upperclassman there. But, she says, he was such a "hot-shot political star" that he never noticed her. They met on a blind date while he was attending law school at the University of Minnesota and became engaged 53 days later—a truly whirlwind courtship in view of the fact that Mondale was so involved at the time in state politics that he saw her only once a week.

A history and art major, Joan later worked in Boston's Museum of Fine Arts and the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. In 1972 she published *Politics in Art*, a book designed to show how artists deal with problems such as civil rights and poverty. For the past decade, she has served as a volunteer tour guide at the National Gallery of Art, and she began working as a professional guide with Mrs. Proxmire's outfit in 1974.

The extra cash is needed. The Senator makes only his regular salary of \$44,600, plus some money for speaking appearances (this normal fee \$1,000). Like many other liberal politicians in Washington, Mondale sends his children to private schools. In Mondale's case, all of the schools are integrated. Son Teddy, 18, is an avid dirt-track motorcycle racer. Eleanor, 16, owns a

palomino quarter horse named Sunny, and together they have won an impressive array of ribbons at horse shows. William, 14, is into football, tennis, wrestling and lacrosse.

The Mondales live in an unpretentious old house that is still partially unfurnished. They rent out a spare bedroom to a college student, and the family cannot afford a separate home back in Minnesota. Instead, they share a house in Afton with Joan's parents. About three weekends out of four, the Senator is away politicking, but Joan says she is used to it. "I have my own life, a sep-

JOAN MONDALE



JOAN MONDALE

arate life," she notes. "We've never had him at home."

The Mondales make the most of their time together, going off in the spring to ski at Vail (before they were married, she made him promise to learn) and every summer to fish at a primitive hunting camp on Lake Elsie, Ontario. At home in Washington, the Mondales live quietly—Joan has been known to shoo guests out of the house at 11:30 p.m.—and the Senator loves to preside over backyard barbecues. "He's a very good cook," Joan says, "and sometimes he bakes bread." Does she as well? "Me?" she asks in disbelief. "Fritz did not marry me to write his speeches or to cook."

Joan relishes her independence. "Fritz says I never make a decision without consulting him. He's right. I consult—and then do what I want to." When the Mondales decided to buy a dog, the Senator said okay, so long as it was small, short-haired and male. Joan came home with a female collie.

Joan recalls that at the time Fritz withdrew from the race in 1974, "I had cleared my life. I had resigned from volunteer boards, and I had organized my household so I would always be free to campaign, and there I sat in my best running-for-President red suit and said to myself, 'I am unemployed.'" Now she is planning to get out that red suit again—and she is already thinking how the wife of the Vice President could use her influence to help the arts.

CHILDREN TEDDY, WILLIAM & ELEANOR



THE NATION

was about the problems of world hunger.

In the Senate Mondale gets things done not by gladhanding or arm twisting ("I am uncomfortable asking people for things") but by diligently doing his homework. He was a main strategist for the partially successful drive in 1975 to limit filibustering in the Senate. A firm advocate of open government, Mondale was a key member of the committee, chaired by Church, that last April proposed reforms to curb the excesses of the CIA and the FBI.

Mondale is primarily known for his devotion to easing the plight of the neglected and the disadvantaged. "I've spent a lot of time suffering over human rights, and I've had some notions based on my personal life," he says. "There's just millions of kids in this country that are utterly destroyed before they have a chance. I think it's the most costly, unfair, outrageous thing that happens in America." To get a better feeling for the problems of the deprived, Mondale has marched with Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers, visited Indians in the West and Eskimos in Alaska, and—with his wife—gone on a welfare diet for a week.

Trying to convert his concerns into legislation, Mondale has established an impressive record in the Senate. Now chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Children and Youth, Mondale sponsored a comprehensive child development program in 1971, which would have provided \$2.1 billion for health care, nutritional aid and educational

assistance for preschool children. The bill containing his plan was vetoed by Richard Nixon.

Remembering his own problems, Mondale has worked to help deserving students afford a college education. In particular, he has tried to ease the plight of middle-income families by making more of them eligible for federally backed student loans for college. Now chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Social Security Financing, Mondale sponsored the plan that provides automatic cost-of-living increases for recipients of the benefits.

Carter would certainly go along with Mondale's general approach to these programs, and there is general agreement between the two on a number of other basic issues that are bound to arise during the campaign. Like Carter, Mondale is in favor of tax reform to help the poor and the middle class. (Mondale sponsored the \$35-per-taxpayer and dependent income tax cut that benefited millions of Americans last April 15.) Both men would oppose building the B-1 strategic bomber (total cost when fully deployed \$22 billion) until more test results are in, but both would keep up research and development funding for the program. Both men have paid far more attention to domestic concerns than foreign policy. They basically feel that détente should be continued, although they advocate a tougher stand by the U.S. Each believes the nation should strive to cre-

ate stronger ties with the Third World.

In other areas, Carter and Mondale will have to iron out some differences. The Senator, for example, favors breaking up vertically integrated oil companies (those that not only pump oil but also refine it and retail it) while the Governor does not. There is a major difference on the right-to-work law. Mondale opposes it, while Carter does not, although he says that if Congress passed a bill changing the law he would sign it. Abortion is a more difficult subject for the two men. Carter supports the present system of legalized abortions, while saying that he would do everything within his power to sponsor programs that would eliminate unwanted pregnancies. Mondale admits that he has not made up his mind on abortion. Says he, "I realize that doesn't satisfy anybody. I'm not satisfied with my position—but it does trouble me."

Mondale, once the reluctant campaigner, let it be known that he intended to give the campaign everything he had. He acknowledges, "I'm not the world's best speaker," and the fact is that his high-pitched voice can be irritating. Yet twelve hours after Carter put him on the ticket, he did a better than respectable job in his acceptance speech, with an impassioned Humphreyesque plea for a return to the old-fashioned virtues of compassion. It was a sermon that began to learn nearly half a century ago from a populist Methodist minister and a proud woman in the small, stricken towns of Minnesota.



YOUNG WITH SON ANDY JR. IN NEW YORK
Amen to the black bishop.

Carter's Only Campaign Debt

No sooner had Jimmy Carter announced his vice-presidential choice than he and Fritz Mondale met with 90 black clergymen in New York. Georgia Congressman Andrew Young, 44, an ordained Congregationalist minister, told the group that it was no accident that Carter is in tune with blacks. Announced Young, "By the grace of God, Jimmy's next-door neighbor was a black bishop." Responded the ministers, "Amen!" Continued Young, "From the early days of his life, he had to watch that bishop drive his long black Packard by his house." "Amen." "His father and the bishop used to have prayer meetings together." "Amen." "In a mysterious way, the Lord gets his things together." "Amen."

And Andy Young does a pretty good job of getting things together for Jimmy Carter. Asked recently to whom he owes anything politically, Carter replied with a list of one: Young. The Congressman serves as Carter's liaison with black leaders—both politicians and ministers. He also regularly reassures white liberals who are skeptical about Jimmy. Beyond that, Carter consults Young on many key decisions. Now Young will

help in a nationwide drive to register more blacks as voters, with the aim of turning them out massively for Carter on Election Day.

Young claims that he and Carter seek the same goal of a rejuvenated South restored to its proper importance in national politics. But he did not always hold so lofty a view of Jimmy. A veteran of the civil rights movement, he had thought that "nothing good could come out of southwest Georgia," and that Carter came from the "mean, cracker country there is." But Carter's mother Lillian, whom Young met in 1970, smoothed the way to a meeting. Young was impressed by the fact that she joined the Peace Corps at the age of 68. Later, he ran into Carter in a black restaurant, when Carter was campaigning for Governor. Young noted that the candidate not only shook hands with the prominent diners but also went into the kitchen to press the flesh with the cooks and dishwashers.

When Carter was elected Governor, he started phoning Young for advice. Because he had been associated closely with Martin Luther King Jr., Young considered himself a political liability.

Still, he says today, "Jimmy openly almost flaunted his association with us." Young was impressed by the way Carter added blacks to the state board of regents, the real estate commission, the pardons and paroles board. When Carter decided to run for President, Young made a limited commitment. He favored Humphrey, but he was willing to sign on through the Florida primary in hopes of stopping George Wallace there.

Young personally urged other liberal candidates to stay out of the Florida race and give Carter a chance to win in a head-on contest with the old segregationist. He stumped the state and helped garner 70% of the black vote for Carter—enough to give him his victory margin over Wallace. By then, Jimmy Carter had convinced Young that he could go all the way. Though Carter has not taken all the stock liberal positions, Young feels that blacks are instinctively sympathetic to him. "Jimmy doesn't need that much advice about black issues," says Young. "His childhood was with blacks. He knows the poverty of rural Southern people firsthand. We've had the kind of experience in Georgia that is practically unmatched anywhere else in the world. Atlanta is the only place where a banker or a big businessman and a welfare mother might end up at the same cocktail party." This contrasts, adds Young, with the "adversary" style of politics in the North. "We have a black-white partnership in Atlanta. In the North, liberals want to solve problems for blacks."

Like Carter, Young is a product of the emerging biracial South. Son of a New Orleans dentist, he graduated from Howard University and Hartford (Conn.) Theological Seminary and was a minister in several Georgia and Alabama Congregational churches. In the 1960s he became a deputy of King, and negotiated desegregation with white authorities in various communities. Elected to Congress in 1972 from an Atlanta district with a white majority, he is the first black Georgia Congressman since Reconstruction. Some fellow blacks in Congress criticize him for not being militant enough, but he prefers compromise to confrontation. Says he, "You don't get anything by demanding the whole world at the top of your lungs."

If Carter is elected, Young could probably have almost any job he wants, and some people say he aspires to be U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. But he professes to be content where he is. When Carter's stubborn streak erupts, Young figures, he can smooth things over for him on Capitol Hill. A member of the House Rules Committee, Young likes to plot strategy and work behind the scenes to make Government more responsive. "To me, it's a wonderful game to get that big bureaucracy moving." His ultimate goal, he says, is to become Speaker of the House. Few people in or out of Congress would call that an impossible dream.



RUTH STAPLETON WITH CAST OF PIPPIN



JIMMY'S MOTHER & AUNT IN NEW YORK

Marching Through Manhattan

I'm not a city person. I'm a country hick.

—Lillian Carter

There are no hicks in America any more.

—Lenny Bruce

Anyway, not the Carters of Georgia. The family seemed just as much at home on the sooty sidewalks of New York as on the red clay of Plains. They attended plays and parties, shopped at Benoit's and Bergdorf's, held a family dinner at Mamma Leone's, munched pastrami and corned beef at a delicatessen, rode the Staten Island ferry and the Circle Line around Manhattan and artfully revealed and concealed themselves as the press and crowds of curious, friendly people dogged their every step. It was almost as if the Carters were throwing a party and New York was invited.

Jimmy's mother, Miss Lillian, gave a continuous round of interviews. "I don't mind the questions at all," she confessed. "I like them a lot." A little too much perhaps for her son's taste. She offered a novel account of how he first declared his intention of seeking the presidency. "I had only in his shorts one night in 1973 he put a foot on her bed and started to speak. 'Take your foot off the bed,' Miss Lillian commanded. When Jimmy said that he would run for President and win, she thought he must be joking. Then she spotted a telltale sign. 'Jimmy has a vein in his forehead that throbs and throbs when he's excited. I saw that vein was really working, so I knew he was serious.'"

Miss Lillian was also free with advice for Jimmy. Her vice-presidential

choice was Minnesota Governor Wendell Anderson, chairman of the platform committee. "He's so good-looking," she explained. "He speaks so good and handles himself so well." After addressing the Gray Panthers, an organization for promoting the cause of older people, she said Jimmy should help senior citizens if he is elected. "I want him to get into that because I'm gettin' old so fast." (She is 77.)

Miss Lillian became a reporter herself for Georgia's *Columbus Ledger-voice*, 30,000. She recorded her impressions on tape, which were then phoned to the paper and put in print. On meeting Jane Fonda, she reported saying, "Jane, maybe the reason we're getting along so beautifully is that we're both so controversial." She described her reaction to the convention: "You know I felt it was a sacred thing I was looking at."

Jimmy's wife Rosalynn was everywhere—from convention hall to caucus meetings to a black women's press conference. At a luncheon sponsored by a group of New York professional women, she explained that she had earned her husband's professional respect when she kept the books for the family peanut business. "Jimmy asked me 'How's this doing?' and 'How's that doing?' So I became an adviser to him."

It was her choice, she insisted, to work so hard in the campaign. "If Jimmy had told me to go out and campaign every day, I'd have stayed at home. She had sat in on all the vice-presidential interviews and then spent some time alone with each of the wives. I frankly wanted to see if we were compatible, and if I liked them. Well, there was not one that I didn't like. If Jimmy is elected and they move to Washington, she said, they would put their daughter Amy, 8, in the

THE NATION

public school system, which is almost entirely black, if "the security thing can be worked out." Said Mary Hurtig, a Udall delegate from Philadelphia: "That really blew my mind. Wow! The President's little girl in a city public school. What a fine example!"

The three Carter sons—Jack, Chip and Jeff—and their wives filled in for Jimmy at some of the 300 functions to which he was invited. They easily barged into the bash thrown by *Rolling Stone*, while such luminaries as Bella Abzug, Warren Beatty and Lauren Bacall waited futilely in line outside. The brothers devoted two hours every morning to meeting the press—no arduous exercise since the same questions were asked over and over again.

Aside from Jimmy, no Carter received more attention than Amy, though she did not invariably bask in it. She lapsed into silences and pouts after too many microphones were thrust into her face and too many inquiries were made that would insult the intelligence of any normal eight-year-old. Did she like the convention? "Not much." Was she thrilled to be in the hall where her father would be nominated for the presidency? "Nope." At a pier party for delegates, she responded to questions about how she felt by saying: "I'm not going to tell you."

She had a better time when her mother took her to Central Park. "Say cheese," Rosalynn reminded Amy as she clambered up on the lap of a statue of Alice in Wonderland. On the way back to the hotel, she spotted a playground and asked Mom to stop. Then for a few carefree moments, while her long blonde hair flashed in the sunlight, she cavorted with other kids—mostly blacks, like her classmates in Plains—on the swings and slides.

At dawn on Tuesday, Jimmy's sister Ruth Stapleton flew to Atlantic City to promote her book *The Gift of Inner Healing*. Sales lately have been running at 4,000 copies a week. Ruth signed autographs and chatted with about 200 people who were standing in line at the Christian Booksellers Association convention (see *RELIGION*). Then she flew back to New York and the intrusion of politics. She received letters addressed "Jimmy's Sister" or "Faith Healer, Plains, Ga."

Though he enjoyed himself in New York, Younger Brother Billy, 39, seemed to yearn for the serenity of Plains. He mainly roamed the Americana Hotel, beer planted firmly in hand, socializing with one and all. He joked that while Jimmy would appeal to the temperance people, he would win the votes of the drinking classes. Billy, however, lost a case of beer by betting that Congressman Peter Rodino would be his brother's vice-presidential choice. But then he won a case by wagering against the selection of Senator John Glenn. "I have never heard anything good about New

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

New Lineup, New Ball Game

In politics when something is born, something must die. That is what has happened to the Democratic Party.

An era ended last week. It was an era that began with the assassination of John Kennedy, setting back the political clock and, for eleven years, giving us rejects for President (Johnson and Nixon) and denying the middle generations—educated, aware, pragmatic—their rightful heritage. Some Democrats insist that Jimmy Carter's ascendancy represents an even greater change—that half a century of political innovation, a period that transformed America, ended in New York.

There was a melancholy reminder of the change only a month ago, when James A. Farley was buried outside New York City. Farley, who as Franklin Roosevelt's political virtuoso helped create modern politics and government, was absent from the national convention for the first time since 1924.

Jimmy Roosevelt, the youth who helped his crippled father to the inaugural stand in the dark days of 1933, was an aging, unrecognized figure one morning last week, searching for the entrance to Madison Square Garden, surprised when someone greeted him in the crowd. Thomas ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran, an F.D.R. wonder boy, was reported by the newspapers to be in New York as the escort of the convention's chairwoman, Lindy Boggs. And somebody looked around the room at a party given by Arthur Schlesinger, Roosevelt historian, Stevenson partisan and Kennedy aide, and remarked, "Ah, we have here all the best minds of the '60s."

Jim Rowe, a New Deal White House aide and party workhorse for Truman, Stevenson, Kennedy, Johnson and Humphrey, got a floor pass and wandered out



F.D.R. & FARLEY IN 1935



CLARK CLIFFORD



LARRY O'BRIEN

among the delegates while Hubert gave his short speech. "It's his last hurrah," thought Rowe to himself as he watched his friend on the podium and surveyed the unfamiliar faces around him. Then, he had another thought: "It is the last hurrah for all of us."

There were still a few in the delegate ranks who reminded the nation of the past. Chicago's mayor, Richard Daley, presided over the Illinois contingent. But he and everybody else knew the political actuarial tables were about to expire on him. The new delegates who came down the aisles stopped, looked and snapped a picture or two of the woolly mammoth of Democratic legend.

Clark Clifford, who helped engineer the great Truman victory of 1948, stayed home in Washington. From his quiet office overlooking the White House, he described the Carter phenomenon as "the second political miracle of this century" (Truman's triumph over Dewey being the first). But not a miracle of chance. Clifford insisted, a miracle of planning and perspicacity. The politics of want—learned during the New Deal and Fair Deal, turned into the New Frontier and Great Society—was no longer pertinent: "New generation coming," said Clifford.

The Lyndon Johnson crowd—Carpenter, Moyers, Califano—were around the hall. But they were on the edges of the event, more observers than participants. Larry O'Brien, as skillful and engaging a pol as ever ran the party, spent most of his time in his 20th-floor office above the Garden negotiating a merger of the American Basketball Association and the National Basketball Association, of which he is commissioner. The faint strains of *Happy Days* floated up to his office from the bands on the street. He looked down and saw the people surge into the arena. He knew how far away it now all was "New ball game," he mused.

Both political birth and death were handled gently by the soft-voiced Georgians and their followers. The old order was hailed, but not renewed. The Carter delegates were calm, but unyielding. When it was over, they took the Democratic Party power with them and they installed it not in Washington, but in Atlanta, from where they will fashion a new political future.

"How I lost 980 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."



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"Switching to a low 'tar' cigarette is no piece of cake if you're a menthol smoker like me. There just are not many low 'tar' menthols to choose from that taste good.

"So I was surprised when I tasted Doral Menthol. A terrific taste, and 7 milligrams less 'tar' than my old brand. That adds up to 140 mg. less 'tar' a pack—for me 980 mg. less 'tar' a week...on my Doral Diet."



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THE NATION

York," said Billy, "and since I've been here I haven't seen anything bad."

Togetherness was not practiced by the Carters in New York; most of the time they went their individual ways, each contributing to the campaign mosaic. But one night the family decided to dine together at Mamma Leone's. Jimmy explained "21 isn't my style." While others in the family plowed through the meal, Jimmy and Rosalynn danced to the strains of a guitar and a tambourine-snapping singer. At the Carters' request, the musicians rendered *Baby Face*. Miss Lillian asked the restaurant photogra-

pher to take a family portrait. When the clan failed to pay attention, she commanded, "Everyone turn around for the camera." They did as they were told, including the man who was about to be nominated for President.

On their one Sunday in New York, Jimmy, Rosalynn and Amy attended a morning service at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. While Amy was distracted by fans stored in the pew, her parents sang lustily, and their voices seemed to rise even higher during one hymn, appropriately titled *Blessed Assurance*.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Trying to Shift the Spotlight

Soon after Jimmy Carter clinched the Democratic presidential nomination, Gerald Ford telephoned him at his Americana Hotel suite. The President congratulated Carter, and teasingly asked about his choice for Vice President. (Carter would not tell him.) Then Ford expressed his hope that the presidential race would be high-toned.

The President watched little of the convention on television. But he did read a special summary of each day's events, and it was clear that he was doing his best to draw attention away from the assembled Democrats in New York.

As Ford's White House week began, he greeted members of the Washington police department and the FBI who had pulled off two spectacular fake fencing operations. In both cases they set up storefronts and posed as hoods to buy stolen goods and then arrest the thieves (see *TILL L.A.W.*). The first operation was known as "the Sting" and the second as G.Y.A., for "Got Ya Again." Tuesday evening Ford flew to the All-Star baseball game in Philadelphia, keenly aware that ABC's televised broadcast of the game was expected to outdraw NBC's and CBS's convention coverage. (Indeed,

ABC dominated the evening with a rating of 27.1, compared with NBC's 5.4 and CBS's 5.9.) Despite his reputation for being poorly coordinated, Ford accurately tossed out two balls, one with his right hand, one with his left.

Wednesday morning Ford underwent his semiannual physical examination, and White House Physician Dr. William Lukash pronounced him in "excellent health." Later, to celebrate her husband's 63rd birthday, Betty Ford took him to the posh French restaurant *Sans Souci*. The rare public lunch proved to be a huge headache for the Secret Service but a field day for reporters (four of them feasted at a nearby table). Ford downed two martinis and a chef's salad, his wife sipped gin-and-tonics and ate Dover sole. The tab came to \$25.36, and Betty Ford picked it up.

On Thursday, Ford began three hours of talks over two days with visiting West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, discussing NATO's southern flank, Communism in Western Europe and the world economic situation. Schmidt urged the President to resist pressures to withdraw U.S. troops from Europe. On Friday Ford went to Bal-

timore to visit Schmidt aboard the square-rigged West German ship *Gorch Fock*.

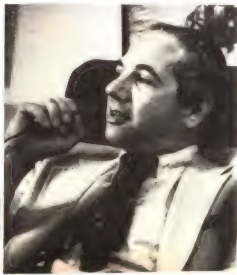
Ford also took one important step designed not to generate publicity but to improve it. Plagued by squabbles among his staff and an image as a weak leader, Ford shook up his publicity operation. Swedish-born Margita White, 39, tactful director of the White House Office of Communications, was nominated to a seven-year term on the Federal Communications Commission. The President replaced her with David Gergen, 34, a former Nixon speechwriter and highly regarded special counsel to Ford, and made it clear that the Office of Communications would wield considerably more power; it is expected to grow from half a dozen professional staffers to as many as 20.

Gergen, who joined the Nixon White House in 1971, was brought in to improve coordination among Administration spokesmen. He will also continue to perform a delicate but important role—helping to sharpen the President's public statements. Ford, an uninspiring orator, has generally depended for his texts on his old friend and former congressional assistant, Robert Hartmann, Counselor to the President and his chief speechwriter. Some critics have found Hartmann's drafts to be thin and full of platitudes. Gergen is expected to upgrade presidential pronouncements, though he will still not have direct authority over Hartmann.

Narrow Margin. If Hartmann was a bit nervous about Gergen's expanded role, Press Secretary Ron Nessen was a bit defensive about the newly fortified communications office. Some newsmen have harshly, often unfairly, criticized Nessen—an ex-TV news correspondent for NBC—for his lack of knowledge about White House thinking; some Republicans have accused him of undermining Rogers Morton, Ford's campaign director, whose tendency to put his foot in his mouth has sometimes made it difficult for the White House to support him. But Gergen insisted that his appointment was not designed to undercut anybody.

As Gergen put it to *TIME*'s Strobe Talbot: "We've all been concerned that the President's record, what he stands for and his vision for what he wants to do have not been getting through to the American public. This reorganization is an attempt to make the entire White House more professional in getting those messages across." Gergen's big problem, of course, is that the G.O.P. Convention is only three weeks off, and his boss still leads Challenger Ronald Reagan for the presidential nomination by an extremely narrow margin. At week's end Reagan won Utah's 20 delegates and Ford completed his sweep of Connecticut's 35. According to *TIME*'s latest reckoning, with 1,130 votes needed to win the nomination, Ford has 1,108 delegates and Reagan 1,090, with 61 undecided.

SPECIAL COUNSEL DAVID GERGEN & PRESS SECRETARY RON NESSEN IN WHITE HOUSE



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Braniff	8,669,000
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Continental	7,256,000
National	4,250,000

Source: Civil Aeronautics Board

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CRIME

Escape from an Earthen Cell

In 90° heat one afternoon last week, the yellow school bus lumbered along the flat roads near the small San Joaquin Valley farm community of Chowchilla, 150 miles southeast of San Francisco. At the Dairyland Union School, Driver Frank Edward Ray Jr., 55, picked up 31 children who had just finished their six-week summer program. Ray dropped off five of them and still had several stops to go when he noticed a white van on the road ahead and slowed down to swing around it.

Three white men wearing nylon stocking masks leaped out, one of them waving two guns, and ordered Ray to stop. Two of them boarded the bus, drove it into Berenda Slough, a dry ditch off the road, and steered it into a thicket of bamboo. The gunmen then herded the driver and the 26 children—aged 5 to 14—into two vans. When that was done, the three men drove off with their terrified captives. Thus began a bizarre and, at week's end, still unexplained kidnapping that riveted the nation's attention for 16 hours.

Chilling Theories. The abduction was staged at 4:15 p.m., and it was shortly afterward that Dairyland Superintendent Lee Roy Tatom began receiving calls from parents saying, "Hey, the little guy isn't home yet." Assuming that the bus had broken down, Tatom sent people out to check the route. They found nothing, and Tatom, now thoroughly concerned, called police. Not until 7:30 did a local pilot sight the bus, hidden in the slough. Police sped to the site and found the bus deserted; the only real clues were two extra sets of tire tread marks near by. Concern turned to alarm.

In the next hours, local and state police secured the area. FBI agents, alerted to a possible kidnapping, began pouring in, interviewing the parents of the 19 girls and seven boys who had vanished. Two California highway patrol helicopters joined the biggest search in the state's history.

As the hours ticked by with no leads, two chilling theories were formulated. Reporters wondered if the infamous Zodiac killer, who has claimed responsibility for 37 unsolved California murders and is still loose, might be involved. The other notion was that somebody had been inspired by a thriller written 18 years ago by Hugh Pentecost. *The Day the Children Vanished*. Pentecost's tale describes the disappearance of a station wagon full of pupils. In his story, kidnapers load the wagon onto a large truck and take the children to a remote barn. The abduction is a ruse to draw people away from the local bank.

California authorities quickly reject-



CHOWCHILLA'S MISSING SCHOOL BUS IN DITCH, PARTLY HIDDEN BY BAMBOO FOLIAGE

ed several other suggested motives for the bus hijacking. They found it inconceivable that Ed Ray, a kindly, well-liked man who had been driving buses in Chowchilla for 26 years and had hauled many of the parents of the missing children, could be involved. Police also discarded the notion that a lone psychopath could control 27 captives. There was nothing to indicate that somebody bearing a grudge was responsible. Finally, police concluded that no ransom demand was likely to be received. In Chowchilla, a town of 4,550 in the midst of citrus orchards, dairy farms and fields of grain and cotton, the average income is \$9,000 and few can be considered wealthy. That left only one reasonable theory: a terrorist organization had seized the bus to publicize its demands.

Around 7:30 the following evening, 24 hours after the empty bus had been found, a startled watchman at a gravel quarry near Livermore, 100 miles northwest of Chowchilla, saw a bedraggled group—all in their underwear—approaching him. The kidnapping victims had been found, and all were well.

The tale they told offered no clues to a motive for the crime. The three kidnapers had driven their captives for some eleven hours, arriving at 3:30 a.m. at the quarry. Throughout the trip the men rarely spoke. At the quarry, the men backed their vans up to a 3-ft.-wide opening in the ground. Covering both the hole and the back of the vans with a tarp, they ordered the children to descend into the entryway, asking each of them his name and age and taking a trinket or a piece of clothing from each as they passed into the darkened entrance. The narrow tunnel led down to an old moving van buried six feet under the ground as part of a landfill project after World War II; it was 25 ft. long, 8 ft. wide, 6 ft. high, and had two white plastic ventilation pipes coming out of its sides and up to the ground. The prisoners found the subterranean chamber had been stocked with mattresses, bedspreads, Cheerios, potato chips and water.

Cries for Mama. The men gave Ray a flashlight, then sealed off the entry hole with two steel plates. The air quickly grew fetid and hot, and suffocation became a real possibility. "There was a lot of crying and calling for Mama," Ray recalled afterward. Desperate, Ray and the seven boys piled up mattresses and, with great effort, pushed away the steel plates. Sixteen



RESCUED CHILDREN RETURNING HOME



DRIVER RAY DESCRIBING ORDEAL
A desperate escape.

hours after first entering the pit, they squeezed out. Two hundred yards away they found the watchman, who alerted the police.

At 3:55 the next morning, a red, white and blue Greyhound bus escorted by two highway patrol cars wheeled into Chowchilla with the 26 weary pupils and their driver. A couple of hundred joyous parents, friends and reporters greeted them with cheers, whistles and applause. Meanwhile, the police issued bulletins for three white males traveling in two vans.

DIPLOMACY

Game Playing in Montreal

As Queen Elizabeth II formally opened the ceremonies and the gas-fired torch flared into life at trackside in Montreal's ribbed, concrete Olympic Stadium last week, the XXI Olympiad had already produced one record. For the first time since the modern Games began in 1896, a host country had imposed its own foreign policy on the event. The result was some indecorous sports brinkmanship that forced the angry withdrawal of a clearly ill-treated team from the island Republic of China, further strained U.S.-Canadian relations and left much of the remaining world bothered about what a West German newspaper called "a dangerous and discouraging precedent." Even many Canadians were unhappy with their Prime Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, over his government's ham-fisted attempt to tamper with the world's premier sports event.

The introspective incident that became a full-blown diplomatic melodrama began quietly enough on May 17, when the Trudeau government received a blunt note from a capital that was not even represented at the Games: Peking. The mainland Chinese, who had stalked out of the International Olympic Committee in 1958 over the issue of Taiwan's representation, warned the Canadians that allowing the Taiwanese to attend the Olympics under their chosen name, the Republic of China, would violate the terms of Canada's recognition of Peking. (In 1970, Canada recognized the People's Republic, whereupon Taiwan severed ties with Canada.) Canada agreed—while balking at further Peking pressure to oust the Taiwanese entirely.

Unfortunately, it was not until late May that Ottawa got around to telling the I.O.C. of its intentions. By that time, 42 Taiwanese athletes were already packing their bags for Montreal. Told that Canada had something unpleasant in store for them, the group decided to come anyway; but only five members of the yachting team, who hold dual Taiwanese-U.S. citizenship, were able to cross the Canadian-U.S. border. The others would not be admitted. Ottawa announced, until Taiwan agreed to give up its formal designation, anthem and flag for the duration of the Games. Said Trudeau: "If [the athletes] come from Taiwan, they should come as Taiwan, not China. They're welcome as long as they don't masquerade as a country they're not."

By that time, the storm had already broken. I.O.C. President Lord Killanin, an amiable former Irish journalist,

charged Canada with violating a "fundamental" Olympic premise: "No discrimination is allowed against any country or person on the grounds of race, religion or political affiliation." Lord Killanin pointed out that even in 1936, when the Hitler regime threatened to make trouble over the appearance of Jewish and black athletes in Berlin, the Nazis decided not to tamper with the Games. Canada's objections had come far too late for the I.O.C. to consider a change of venue for the Games. Declared Killanin: "It would appear that we've done everything possible to uphold our principles." The I.O.C.'s trump card, he added, was its moral stand. Nonetheless, the Canadians refused to budge.

The fracas became a crisis two weeks ago, when Taiwanese Spokesman Lawrence Ting said the delegation would refuse to accede to the Canadian demands. Following personal expressions of concern from President Gerald Ford, officials representing the 460-member U.S. Olympic team threatened withdrawal. Other teams expressed varying degrees of shock and outrage at Canada's behavior. Even the Canadian Olympic Committee called its government's stand a "breach of faith."

Not Acceptable. Nonetheless, Killanin began arranging a compromise. Just 48 hours before the opening of the Games last week, Canada agreed that Taiwan could keep its flag and its anthem as long as it dropped the name Republic of China and instead called itself simply Taiwan. That was still not acceptable to the Taiwanese, but the arrangement mollified U.S. representatives to the I.O.C., who faced a revolt among their athletes if they went ahead with their threat of a U.S. boycott of the Olympics.

The Games have previously posed problems for the Taiwanese. In 1959 the I.O.C. voted to eject the Chinese National Olympic Committee, as Taiwan's members were then known, in an initial attempt to add mainland China to the organization. In the 1960 Rome Games the Taiwanese participated under a compromise similar to the one they rejected last week. Later, the I.O.C. accepted the name Republic of China, and in the 1964, 1968 and 1972 Olympics the Taiwanese took part under that designation.

One of Taiwan's difficulties with the 1976 Olympics was that this year, for the first time, the host country had formally recognized Peking. But patently, more than a scrupulous regard for for-



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Not that recycling steel is anything new. What's new is that the good old tin can has joined the recycling parade, thanks to advances in technology that make it the most practical container on the market to recover from trash.

This benefits all of us in a lot of ways.

It gives us a valuable national resource, to the tune of a quarter billion dollars a year. And makes the can a valuable new ally in the campaign to get rid of litter.

To find out why, turn the page.

What does the steel can have going for it besides strength, light weight and low cost?

Magnetic attraction.

That's why steel cans, as well as other steel scrap, are so easy to reclaim and recycle.

It's all done through a new system of magnetic recovery now operating in many American communities. Here's how it works.

A giant electromagnet is brought into contact with a pile of municipal trash, and with the selectivity of a pickpocket retrieves *only* the steel. Then the steel scrap is compacted, shipped to steel mills, remelted, rerolled and turned into new steel.

Magnetic recovery brings big returns.

All this takes a lot less energy than making new steel from scratch. It conserves human energy, too. It means

that tin cans can be thrown in with the rest of the trash instead of hauled off and sorted for recycling. Best of all, it means that communities can *make money* by selling the tin cans and other steel scrap back to the mills.

Right now magnetic separation systems are operating in a significant number of communities across the country (often as part of systems that convert refuse to energy by burning flammable trash to produce electric power). And that number grows larger each month.

The dollar return on the steel scrap reclaimed from trash gives these communities a steady and substantial source of revenue. To help reduce taxes. Or support city services. Or both.

But there's one more huge benefit of magnetic steel scrap retrieval: it encourages people to stop littering by giving them an *easy* way to put trash back to work.

Add it up: easy magnetic retrieval, energy saved, cash for trash, cleaner cities.

All thanks to steel.

It's the only packaging material that can be reclaimed magnetically.

The most ecologically logical packaging material around.





Steel.
Easiest to recycle.
It's magnetic.



Steel Can Reclamation Center.

You've got one in your own backyard.

Time was that if you wanted to be a good citizen and reclaim your old cans for recycling, you had to save them up and haul them off to a reclamation center.

But now, if your community has a refuse handling system that includes magnetic separation of steel, you simply toss these cans into the trash barrel. Then when the trash is emptied at the refuse plant or city dump, powerful electromagnets retrieve the steel cans and start them

on their way to the mill for recycling.

Keep in mind, too, that when those tin cans are retrieved, they're not being given away.

They're being sold.

So every time you throw a steel can in your trash barrel, it's like making a deposit in a bank—with you and your community as the beneficiaries.*

For example, see how steel scrap retrieval is paying off in three major American cities.

*Most magnetic reclamation systems are municipally owned and operated. However, some have been built and are run by private developers. Though in these cases proceeds from steel scrap sales go directly to the private developers, the installations yield many indirect benefits to the communities in which they operate.

**Boston's North Shore:
Trash will ultimately pay for 7%
of the Saugus, Massachusetts
annual budget.**

North Shore communities are now using their trash to provide a secondary source of electrical power for a large local employer and save that employer's plant 14 million gallons of fuel oil a year.



In this operation, built and run by private corporations, flammable waste is burned first and the energy produced is sold to the plant. Meanwhile, the steel scrap is extracted magnetically and reused.

But even though all this is done by private concerns, it means big rewards to the North Shore town of Saugus. First, because refuse is burned up, there's no need to cart it off for sanitary landfills. Second, new jobs created at the refuse-to-energy plant pump new revenue into the town. Finally, taxes on the operation are expected to amount to one million dollars—a big 7% chunk of Saugus' fourteen-million-dollar annual budget.

How's that for happy returns?

**Charleston,
South Carolina:
A trash collection
system that
practically pays
for itself.**

Since November 1975, the citizens of

Charleston, South Carolina have had their trash processed and steel scrap recycled by a plant that is almost self-supporting.

After shredding all trash, the plant removes steel scrap magnetically in preparation for the market. Recently, Charleston reclaimed 462 tons of steel this way in just one month.

County authorities estimate that proceeds from scrap sales will someday come to between \$150,000 and \$175,000 a year—all of which will be funneled right back into plant operation.



**Columbus, Ohio:
Trash into cash. At the rate of a
quarter million dollars a year!**

The Columbus Division of Sanitation has just installed a ferrous metals retrieval system which reclaims twenty tons of scrap steel every day.

The system was installed and is operated by a private contractor who pays the city of Columbus for steel scrap and keeps part of the proceeds to help maintain plant and equipment.

Right now, that means \$250,000 a year is funneled into Columbus' General Fund. And when the plant gets going at full capacity a year from now, that figure could double.

**Want to know how to get a magnetic
steel scrap retrieval system going
where you live? Keep reading.**



Here's how to help turn trash into cash in your own hometown.

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United States Steel

malities was behind Canada's sharp treatment of Taiwan. Ottawa was surely sensitive to the fact that Peking is a major trading partner with which Canada had a healthy \$320 million trade surplus last year, mainly from wheat sales. Canada also has a variety of bilateral exchange agreements with the mainland regime. A certain amount of stupidity was also involved. Canada massively miscalculated the outcry that would follow its ultimatum, had Ottawa foreseen the uproar, it would probably have brought the issue to a head much earlier and backed down when resistance got stiff. What Ottawa did instead was continually to cite its original pledge to welcome all competing countries "pursuant to the normal regulations." This interpretation of Canada's laws regulating foreign visitors has allowed Ottawa's officials to justify the stance they have now taken.

Gloomy Landmark. Now a precedent has been set, and many countries are fearful of its implications. For one thing, the 1980 Olympic Games are scheduled to take place in Moscow, and there is concern that the Soviet Union will take similar discriminatory action against athletes from Israel and West Germany. As if that were not enough to make the Montreal Games one of the gloomier landmarks in Olympic history, a further explosive political issue cast a pall over the event. Led by Tanzania, 18 Black African countries made good on their threat to boycott Montreal, along with five Arab neighbors. Their complaint was the I.O.C. refusal to ban New Zealand from the Games after that country sent a rugby team to South Africa, which has been banned from Olympic competition since 1968 because of its racial policies.

TERRORISM

Vindication for the Israelis

Though the action was scarcely as spectacular as the daring rescue of 101 skyjack hostages from Uganda's Entebbe Airport, Israel last week won another round on hostile territory against air terrorism. After four days of emotional debate in the United Nations Security Council, the Israelis beat off the attempt by African states to have the Entebbe operation condemned as a "flagrant violation" of Uganda's sovereignty. Beamed a delighted Chaim Herzog, Jerusalem's U.N. ambassador. "Israel has not been condemned and has therefore been vindicated."

The African argument was simply that Israel's assault at Entebbe posed a threat to every nation's sovereignty. Herzog's rebuttal was slightly more complicated: that Israel had a right, long recognized in international law, to protect the safety of its citizens, and that Uganda's Idi Amin Dada had compromised his own country's rights by aiding the skyjackers.

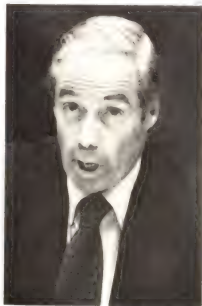
Herzog's argument had forceful support from U.S. Ambassador William Scranton. While acknowledging that the rescue "necessarily involved a temporary breach" of Uganda's territorial integrity, Scranton maintained that Israel had "good reason" to act with limited force to protect its citizens from an "imminent threat of injury or death in a situation where the state in whose territory they are located is either unwilling or unable to protect them." The rescue, Scranton added, "electrified millions everywhere, and—I confess—I was one of them." The British were nearly as em-

phatic in their backing of Israel, although the French—apparently concerned about the fate of the \$19 million Air France jet that was still sitting at Entebbe—were characteristically ambivalent and careful not to insult Amin.

But the Africans' case was so flaccid that it could not be sustained, even given the strong bias against Israel and the industrial countries that prevails in almost all U.N. bodies. When Panama said it would abstain from the balloting (probably because it did not want to anger Washington, with which it is negotiating the future status of the Panama Canal), it became apparent that the resolution would fall one short of the nine votes required for passage in the 15-member Council. The U.S. and Britain and possibly Italy, Japan and Sweden would have opposed it. France would also have abstained. China, the U.S.S.R., Pakistan, Libya, Tanzania, Benin (formerly Dahomey), Rumania and Guyana would have voted for it. Rather than suffer certain defeat, the Africans did not demand a vote on their resolution. The U.S. and Britain, however, insisted on a vote on their broad counterproposal condemning all terrorism. It was defeated handily, receiving backing from only Italy, Sweden, Japan and France in addition to its two sponsors. Panama again abstained and this time was joined by Rumania, while the rest of the Council refused to participate. The session thus adjourned without adopting anything.

Throughout the debate, African diplomats privately admitted their discomfort about proposing a resolution that implicitly endorsed Idi Amin's behavior during the skyjacking episode. Almost all of them carefully avoided mentioning the embarrassing Ugandan "President for Life" in their speeches. Yet Amin kept himself in the spotlight by his verbal tussles with Kenya (see following story). His posture as injured party in the Entebbe drama was also weakened by the fate of Dora Bloch, 75, the sole hostage the Israelis left behind in Uganda (she was in a Kampala hospital at the time of the rescue). London asserts that Mrs. Bloch, who held dual Israeli and British citizenship, has been killed. According to reports from Uganda, she suffocated when security police gagged her to stifle screams as they dragged her from the hospital after the airport raid.

Fleeing Britons. Amin has insisted that Mrs. Bloch was at Entebbe when the Israelis landed, but a British diplomat in Uganda reported visiting her in the hospital nearly a day after the raid. Furious at being contradicted, Amin expelled two British diplomats from his country, raising fears about the future of the 300 Britons—mostly missionaries and teachers—remaining in



AT THE U.N. DEBATE: THE U.S.'S SCRANTON & UGANDAN FOREIGN MINISTER JUMA ORIS ABDULLA. "Good reason" to act with limited force to protect endangered citizens.

TIME, JULY 26, 1976

THE WORLD

their former colony. With Amin warning that "big mouths talking on behalf of the Israelis, such as the British, will pay very heavily," some 200 Britons have already fled Uganda, most of them heading for Nairobi.

The most disturbing outcome of the Security Council debate was the drubbing taken by the U.S.-British resolution against terrorism. For more than four years Washington has been trying to get the U.N. to debate measures that would discourage international terrorism. But that debate has always been stalled on definitions: the General Assembly's numerically dominant Third World bloc, for example, opposes any resolution that might proscribe the anti-Israeli activities of Palestinian groups.

Israeli Steps. Impatient with the U.N.'s delay, the nine Common Market countries last week pledged to prosecute terrorists or extradite them for trial. Bonn is seeking an international convention to combat terrorist acts that involve the taking of hostages. Israel has begun taking steps too. Israeli Minister of Transport Gad Yaacobi told the Knesset that he is going to propose a law to bar from Israel's airports all airlines lacking sufficient anti-terrorist security measures (see box). Jerusalem also plans to propose the creation of an international agency to exchange information on skyjacking and to agree on guidelines for the handling of terrorists if a skyjacking takes place. Warned Israeli Foreign Minister Yigal Allon last week: "The terror is not directed only against Israel. Each country can find itself in a position where a minority group starts terror operations. If we do not unite against this kind of violence, we could lose our chance to survive as human beings."



BRITONS ARRIVING AT NAIROBI AIRPORT LAST WEEK AFTER FLEEING UGANDA

AFRICA

War of Words over a Tense Border

"We are being invaded by Kenyans," shrieked Radio Uganda. "Field Marshal Amin is in control of the situation" but "citizens of Uganda should be prepared to give blood."

"Ridiculous," countered Nairobi's Voice of Kenya. "There has been a massive buildup on the Ugandan side, with instructions to strike at a moment's notice." And anyway, "Kenyans are very busy building their country and they do not find provocations from Uganda particularly amusing."

As one war of words faded away at the U.N. in New York, another heated

up in East Africa between Uganda and neighboring Kenya. Although the two sides continued to trade insults rather than shots, and nationals of both countries moved freely across the 340-mile frontier, no one could rule out the possibility that Uganda's savage dictator, Idi Amin Dada, might decide to avenge his embarrassment at Entebbe by attacking Kenya.

Amin began the verbal skirmishing with the Kenyans right after they allowed Israeli planes to refuel at Nairobi following the Entebbe raid. Uganda, declared Amin, "reserves the right to retaliate in whatever way possible." Since then hundreds of Kenyans have fled Uganda in fear, carrying tales of extortion, beatings and killings of their countrymen by Ugandan soldiers. This moved Kenyan Foreign Minister Mungia Waiyaki, in a letter to the U.N. last week, to indict Kampala for "systematic and indiscriminate massacre of Kenyan citizens," some 5,000 of whom remain in Uganda.

Fearing Amin. Indeed, Kenyans have been jittery about their western neighbor since February, when Amin suddenly claimed a large slice of their country—along with a big swath of southern Sudan—on the basis of some 19th century colonial maps that showed them to be Ugandan territory. Fearing that Amin was concocting an excuse that could be a first step toward obtaining an Indian Ocean outlet for his landlocked state, Kenyans reacted with officially encouraged hysteria. Rallies throughout the country vilified Amin; one group of villagers even offered a \$120,000 reward for Amin's head—literally—on a platter.

Kenya's fear apparently forced Amin to back down last February, just

On the Aggressive Defensive

The events that led to Entebbe, the Israelis say, reaffirm an argument they have made for years: skyjackings will continue unless foreign airlines become as cautious as Israel's own El Al. They note that only one El Al plane was ever successfully skyjacked. That was in 1968, and the airline has been on the "aggressive defensive" ever since.

The Israelis say they spend \$15 million a year on various measures to maintain El Al's security. On the ground, El Al is more demanding than most airlines in screening passengers for the traits and psychological characteristics—nervousness, one-way tickets—that fit the skyjacker's "profile." Doubtful passengers are refused tickets. Those boarding El Al planes can be subjected to the most thorough baggage and body searches in the industry. Far from resenting such searches, report airline officials, most passengers are happy to undergo them for the sake of security.

Aloft, El Al planes are veritable fly-

ing fortresses. Cabin walls have been strengthened to resist bullets and grenade fragments, flight-deck doors are armored and locked. Crews can survey passengers over closed-circuit TV; pilots are trained to flip their planes into violent maneuvers to knock a skyjacker off his feet. Lavatories are periodically checked. To keep potential skyjackers from becoming familiar with routines, however, security arrangements are also periodically changed.

One arrangement never changes. Every flight has a squad of security officers, or "sheriffs," scattered among the passengers—usually two or three on Boeing 707 flights and six to eight on 747 jumbos. The sheriffs, mostly combat veterans, carry Beretta pistols under their coats and are primed for trouble. In 1970, in the only other skyjack attempt aboard an El Al plane, they shot one of the two terrorists to death over the North Sea and disarmed the other, the celebrated Palestinian Leila Khaled.

as he retreated a bit last week, proclaiming that "Kenians are the greatest friends of Uganda." However, if Amin were to decide to attack, he could be great trouble for his "friends." His armed forces have more than twice the manpower of the Kenyans' and are vastly superior in artillery and tanks. Even though the Israeli commandos destroyed one-third of the Soviet-equipped Ugandan air force at Entebbe, Amin still retains almost a 3-to-1 edge in combat aircraft. Western experts, however, question the loyalty of Amin's officer corps and note that Kenya's forces are somewhat better trained than Uganda's.

Hands Off. Kenyan muscle is primarily economic, and Nairobi began flexing it last week when Kenyan border guards started discouraging truckers from transporting fuel to Uganda. All of Uganda's fuel comes from a Kenyan refinery and, as a Nairobi-based oil executive observed: "Amin's tanks and planes wouldn't get very far into Kenya without gas." In apparent retaliation, late last week the Ugandans seized about 30 Kenyan fuel trucks transiting Uganda on their way to Zaïre, Rwanda and Sudan.

In its conflict with Uganda, Kenya is receiving visible support from Washington. The frigate U.S.S. *Beary* steamed into Mombasa harbor and a pair of Navy P-3 Orion long-range reconnaissance planes flew into Nairobi Airport from the Philippines, after stopping at Diego Garcia, the new U.S. base in the Indian Ocean. Meanwhile, a six-ship Navy task force, led by the veteran carrier *Ranger* was heading in the general direction of Kenya. Although the Pentagon insists that the visits by the U.S. forces are just "routine," it is clear that they are intended to warn Uganda to keep its hands off Kenya. While it is uncertain what the U.S. says if Amin were to switch from words to weapons, Washington feels that its display of concern can deter an attack.

LEBANON

Carving Out a Christian Canton

Reluctantly convinced that Beirut is a dying city, the U.S. Embassy last week announced that it was suspending most operations in the Lebanese capital: by radio and newspaper ads, it urged the few remaining Americans to leave in a U.S.-sponsored international evacuation this week. In Cairo, meanwhile, the Arab League admitted failure so far in imposing peace in Lebanon. Despite a force of 2,300 Arab troops there as peacemakers, the league has been unable to mediate a cease-fire between the Christians and Moslems that have savaged Lebanon in the course of its increasingly brutal 15-month civil war.

What now may put peace beyond reach is that the war is no longer simply a confrontation between Lebanese Christians and Moslems; the heaviest fighting at present is between the Christians and Palestinian commandos, who are struggling desperately to save their longtime military base in Lebanon.

By last week the Palestinian situation had become desperate: in one of the stranger turns in the course of the struggle, Moslem Syria's forces were on the side of the Lebanese Christians. The Syrians had moved into Lebanon originally to stop the fighting before either side lost. But the Syrian troops trying to contain the Christian-Moslem fighting were provoked into combat by Palestinians fighting alongside the Lebanese Moslems. Damascus' answer has been to increase its commitment in Lebanon still more, to 15,000 men who control most of the rich Bekaa Valley. The Syrians have also cut their opponents' sources of supply by sea and air, and destroyed their fuel supplies to the point that Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat last week appealed to Moscow to pressure Damascus.

Unwilling to live side by side with belligerent Palestinians, the Christians in recent weeks have shifted to an ominous new strategy. They have unilaterally decided to impose their own solution: regionalization or "cantonization" of Lebanon into Christian and Moslem areas.

The Christians are well armed with supplies pouring into the port of Jounieh, north of Beirut—including U.S. M-16 rifles from Israel, which has also intercepted arms shipments destined for the Moslems en route to the southern Lebanese port of Tyre. Regaining the offensive, the Christians set about carving out an enclave stretching from East Beirut north to Tripoli between the Mediterranean and the Lebanon Mountains. By last week the only remaining Moslems in important numbers in the 800-sq.-mi. area were Palestinians in refugee camps. The Christians have leveled some of their heaviest firepower on the camps. Three weeks ago they captured Jisr Basha in East Beirut with heavy casualties, and last week they were mopping up around larger Tel Zaatar, which once housed 17,000 civilian Palestinians.

Confident Christians. Behind the lines in "Christian Lebanon," TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn reported last week following a visit there, life is peaceful and even pleasant. The Christians' Phalangist Party has become the *ad hoc* government and is running the zone as well as any part of Lebanon has ever been governed. In Maronite towns, there is no garbage littering the streets. Gas costs less than one-fifth the price charged in West Beirut: bread prices are controlled and pegged to prewar levels. The Phalangists have established their own police force, courts and jails, and they operate intercity buses, supermarkets, medical centers and a telephone service. The distribution of gasoline, imported from Rumania, is so efficient that traffic jams clog the little towns along the coast.

The Christians are so confident of their strength that they have begun to talk—once again—of a possible reconciliation with the Moslems. But that will take time; the war has been vicious and memories are stark. At one point on his tour of Christian Lebanon, Wynn was escorted through the ruined Jisr Basha refugee camp. He reported: "I was led behind the camp church by a Christian officer and to a once sealed concrete room that had been smashed open by a shell during the fighting for the camp. 'This is what the Palestinians did to our people,' he said, pointing to a pile of human skulls, bones and rotting clothing heaped inside. They kidnapped our people and dumped them into this dark chamber already crowded with corpses and left them there to die."

BODIES OF MOSLEMS KILLED AT TEL ZAATAR BEING EXCHANGED DURING LULL



Battle Notes: Land of the \$25 Kill

In grim contrast to the calm in Lebanon's emerging Christian country-within-a-country, the fighting continued to rage elsewhere in a war that combines tragedy with its own brand of occasional bitter comedy. Some items from the notebooks of TIME Correspondents

At 39, Bahjat Jaber was a bachelor millionaire and landowner with an overwhelming passion he really wanted to be a police reporter. As a result, when the war broke out Jaber, a Greek Catholic, eagerly took on the assignment of totting up its casualties day by day. He checked hospital reports and the various warring forces, whose figures, while self-serving, were at least a basis on which to work. An important source was Hisham Shaar, chief of Lebanon's national police, whose network relayed not only the locations of new battles but also their ferocity.

The police force has collapsed as fighting has intensified, and communications are increasingly difficult. But Jaber doggedly continues his daily body count, which has become the only faintly authoritative estimate of the mounting toll of an unceasing war. Jaber figures that 32,000 have been killed so far, for tiny Lebanon, that is the equivalent of 2.2 million dead in an American civil war. He is worried, however, that his figure may be on the low side. As many as 6,000 more people may be missing, their bodies never found, much less counted.

Few of Lebanon's battle casualties are fighting men. Most are unsuspecting civilians suddenly hit by shell or sniper fire—or executed merely for being of the wrong religion in the wrong zone.

Throat cutting has become the ritual form of execution, and each side has settled on a favorite dumping ground for victims. In the Moslem zone of Beirut, for instance, one busy repository is a murky space beneath a highway overpass. Its counterpart on the Christian side is a bridge 150 ft. above the Dog River on the road from Beirut to the renowned Casino du Liban. Bodies are simply tossed from the rail of the bridge, which has become a family sightseeing attraction. Cars double-park while occupants ogle the bodies far below without being bothered by the stench.

Some shooting scripts

A machine-gun crew in a hot fire-fight near the home of Samir Tabet, provost of the American University of Beirut, selected the roof of Tabet's car as a new gun position. Before opening fire, however, they carefully spread newspapers on the roof so the tripod would not scratch the paint.

"Shoot him, shoot him," demanded

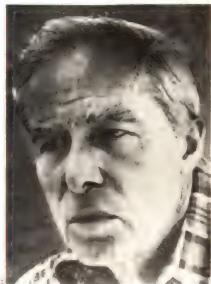
other members of a Moslem gang when one of their number showed up with a Christian prisoner. Obviously nettled, the captor turned to his prisoner. "I'm not going to shoot you," he said angrily. "I want to show these guys that they can't order me around." With that, the Christian was set free.

Discovering an older relative blasting away with a rifle from the roof of their building, a young Beirut inquired what was going on. "I'm a sniper," the old man said proudly. "They give me \$25 for each person I kill. I've already made \$100 this morning." "But, uncle," pressed the youth, "how do they know you're telling the truth about the number you've bagged?" The old man bristled. "Am I not a man of integrity?"

Campaigning successfully as a law-and-order presidential candidate in 1970, Suleiman Franjeh promised to make it possible for people to sleep with their windows and doors open. Sweeping up the cascade of glass after an exploding mortar shell shattered all the windows in his home, a Beirut householder grumbled to a friend. "Now we know what Franjeh meant."

The Syrian border post at El Jdeid conjures up memories of other wars and other refugees. As more and more Lebanese families flee the fighting, hundreds of automobiles are jammed around the customs and immigration office. The car roofs are overlaid with household goods; the interiors are crammed with two or three generations of dispirited Lebanese. Periodically, when a Syrian immigration officer appears, the travelers stir into activity and hope. As he reads off a meager list of names of Lebanese refugees cleared to enter Syria, those on the list joyfully prepare to move again. Those who are not slump back sadly to await his next appearance.

In a land where Crusader castles are common sights, the emotional pull of religious combat is powerful. To liberate the Koura region in northern Lebanon from Moslems, a band of 150 Christian fighters set out from Jounieh. In each village through which they passed on their 25-mile route, church bells pealed and local militia joined the march. When the bells rang in one mountain town, the local hairdresser quickly took off his smock, put on a khaki jacket, got an M-16 rifle out of a convenient closet and abandoned his customers under their dryers to join the march. Down the street a frantic mother vainly pleaded with her 14-year-old son: "Last month we lost your brother, and now you insist on fighting." By the end of the march, the Christian column was ten times as big as it was when it started out.



EX-NAZI JOACHIM PEIPER

FRANCE

"An SS Is Among You"

When the explosion ripped through the hot summer air early one morning last week, residents of the quiet village of Traves (pop. 357) in the Vosges Mountains of France at first thought they were Bastille Day firecrackers. But word quickly spread that Le Renfort, the small, neat vacation home of the quiet, graying man known locally as "the German," was afire. Curious villagers gathered to watch the blaze and were still there when firemen pulled a charred body out of the library. Muttered Ernest Rigoulet, the village mayor, "I wanted him to leave. We pressured him, but he didn't want to. Too bad for him."

Infamous Atrocities. "The German" was Joachim Peiper. He had bought a plot of land in Traves twelve years ago and eventually began spending most of his time there. But his plump wife did the shopping, and townspeople rarely saw or even thought about Peiper himself. Then, not long ago, Peiper, 61, made an application for a permanent-residence permit. A check of his background revealed that he had not only been an adjutant to SS Chief Heinrich Himmler but was the notorious commander of Combat Group Peiper, which had killed at least 350 American prisoners and Belgian civilians during the 1944 Battle of the Bulge. In the most infamous of his atrocities, the so-called Malmédy massacre, 86 American prisoners of war were shot down in a snow-covered Belgian field. A war-crimes trial death sentence was later commuted and Peiper was released from Landsberg prison in 1956.

The revelations about Peiper's background shocked Traves. The local Communist Party started a campaign against

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(Hondamatic)	\$3579	32	24	27
5-Speed (All states, except Calif.)	\$3469	47	35	40
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THE WORLD

him, and tracts announcing "A war criminal, an SS, is among you," soon appeared. PEIPER SS was painted on the road leading into town. Peiper received threatening phone calls and sent his wife and two children away to Switzerland but refused to budge himself. "Even if I was personally guilty, I paid the price with ten years in prison," he said.

Someone evidently did not agree. Although several Molotov cocktails had been thrown through the windows of his house, French police speculate that Peiper's last moments began with gunfire, his hunting rifle along with three empty cartridges were found on his terrace. With positive identification of the charred body difficult, some townspeople began wondering whether Peiper might have in fact staged the shooting and fire to cover his own getaway. Mayor Rigoutot, for his part, let it be known that, even before the blaze, he had decided not to renew the German's residence permit next year.

SOVIET UNION

Tactical Retreat

As Aeroflot Flight No. SU 229 prepared to take off from Moscow to Amsterdam last week, Russian Writer Andrei Amalrik tucked his Siamese cat Dima under his arm while his artist wife Gysel accepted a farewell bouquet of red peonies. KGB agents darted in and out of the small crowd assembled at Sheremetyevo Airport, snapping pictures of the couple taking leave of their desolate friends.

The scene marked the end of a historic decade of dissent in the Soviet Union. Since 1965 the KGB had conducted a campaign to fragment Russia's "democratic movement for human rights" by imprisoning or exiling its members. Amalrik, 38, was the last of his generation of celebrated protester-

intellectuals to succumb. At Moscow airport, Physicist Valentin Turchin, a longtime Amalrik friend, explained that although a whole new group of lesser-known dissidents had sprung up to replace the old, "Andrei's departure is a pity for us; he is able to draw much attention to our movement."

Amalrik electrified Western readers with his 1969 book *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?* which prophesied the dissolution of the U.S.S.R. as a result of internal upheaval and war with China. Over the past decade this and other writings published only in the West cost Amalrik two terms in concentration camps and two stretches of Siberian exile. After his return a year ago from eastern Siberia, he was offered the choice of publicly repudiating his book or exile. Refusing to do either, he was placed under constant KGB surveillance, frequently picked up, interrogated and threatened. Finally he agreed to go West. His departure, originally scheduled for late June, was delayed when he balked at demands by the Soviet Ministry of Culture that he pay a \$5,400 export duty on various art objects, including paintings by his wife, whose work was officially unauthorized.

On his arrival in Amsterdam, Amalrik said he looked forward to a "normal life," planned to write a book on political terrorism and to lecture in Holland and the U.S. He also expressed fears for the new crop of dissidents he left behind. The KGB has begun to use "Mafia methods," he said, citing the recent flogging of Poet Konstantin Bogatyryov, the Russian translator of Rainer Maria Rilke who had protested against Soviet civil rights violations. While the scholar was dying of a fractured skull in the hospital, Amalrik went on, KGB agents ordered the doctors to "fix him so he will come out an idiot," then threatened the physicians when they refused to comply with their order. Still, Amalrik expressed hope that he could continue to struggle against repression. "My leaving the Soviet Union is not exactly a victory," he said. "I would call it a tactical retreat. I have retired in order to strike back in the future."

Silence at Babi Yar

No monument stands over Babi Yar.
A drop sheer as a crude gravestone.
—Yevgeni Yevtushenko, *Babi Yar*

For three decades poets, writers, musicians and at least one politician in the Soviet Union have called for a monument to be built at Babi Yar, a desolate ravine near Kiev that is a worldwide symbol of Jewish martyrdom. There on Sept. 29-30, 1941, a 150-man SS extermination team assembled the Jews of the German-occupied capital of the Ukraine, stripped them naked, lined them up on the edge of the ravine and machine-gunned them. Children were



NEW MONUMENT AT BABI YAR

But no change in policy.

thrown into the ravine alive. The team halted only long enough to shovel sand over each layer of bodies. When the job was done 36 hours later, 33,771 Jews had perished—a record of efficiency unsurpassed even at Auschwitz. By the time the Germans were driven from Kiev in 1943, 100,000 to 200,000 Jews and non-Jews had been murdered at Babi Yar.

Silent Screams. Yet all efforts to memorialize the victims foundered on the Kremlin's unwillingness to acknowledge that Jews were particular targets of the Nazis. The postwar party chief in the Ukraine, Nikita Khrushchev, publicly promised to erect a monument at Babi Yar, but his plan was forestalled by Stalin's anti-Semitic drives. Even after Khrushchev himself took power in Moscow, Babi Yar remained a refuse-strewn wasteland. Poet Yevtushenko was fiercely rebuked for singling out Jews as victims of the massacre. So was Composer Dimitri Shostakovich, who made Babi Yar a theme of his *13th Symphony*. Soviet Jews seeking to commemorate the massacre's anniversary have been jailed by local police.

Still, last summer construction of a monument near the ravine began. Yet now that the work has been completed it is clear that there has still been no policy reversal in the Kremlin. Standing 50 ft. high, the memorial consists of eleven bronze statues representing such figures as a Communist guerrilla fighter, a Red Army soldier with clenched fist and a sailor shielding an old woman. A plaque reads: "Here in 1941-1943 the German Fascist invaders executed over 100,000 citizens of Kiev and prisoners of war. The Jews are nowhere mentioned or portrayed, thus underscoring rather than answering Yevtushenko's plaint: 'Everything here screams in silence.'"

AMALRIK IN AMSTERDAM



Message to America

from Tanzania's President Julius K. Nyerere

As part of our Bicentennial observances TIME asked leaders of nations round the world to address the American people through the pages of TIME on how they view the U.S. and what they hope, and expect, from the nation in the years ahead. This message from Tanzania's President Julius K. Nyerere is the fourth in a series.

America is a society whose faults are the more glaring because of its admirable openness, because of the principles on which the nation was founded and because of the power which comes from its wealth and its size. It is an inspiration, and a warning, to the world. Poor nations aspire to emulate it, or else they fear it—and sometimes both.

For America is judged by the standards set out in imperishable language in the Declaration of Independence of 1776—which is one of the greatest documents of all time. And America now has a degree of wealth and power which could enable the ideals of its founding fathers to be translated into reality. It should now be possible for all Americans to live in dignity in a society which gives to all its citizens equal freedom and security and equal rights and responsibilities. Certainly, it should now be possible for America to "observe good faith and justice toward all nations" without having to fear for its own independence.

The continual struggle of Americans for the implementation of these principles within America, regardless of race or economic status, is a matter of history and contemporary politics. Much progress has been made over the past 200 years. In particular the Federal Government is now committed to fighting racial discrimination within the U.S. by laws, administrative acts and education. This we recognize: it is vital to the respect accorded to America.

But the gap between the principles and the potential on the one hand and the reality on the other is still frighteningly wide, even within America. Americans of non-European descent are still having to struggle to achieve for themselves their full rights as American citizens, equal with all others. Extreme poverty, and even hunger, exist among a sizable minority of American people. There appears to be almost a breakdown of many of the public and communal services which are vital to civilized life and in respect of which we would expect America to be an example to the rest of struggling humanity.

So countries like mine look at America in its Bicentennial year with admiration and respect, yet a feeling of disappointment for opportunities lost. But we also look at America with fear because of the use to which America's great power is often put, and the extent to which American principles have been flouted in the international exercise of American power.

Americans fought a war for their independence. They fought a civil war to maintain their unity despite the diverse social and cultural origins of Americans. The poor and oppressed of the world therefore expect Americans to under-

stand and support the struggles of other peoples to be free and united, even if freedom and unity cannot be won peacefully. We expect that America will be the last nation, not the first, to try to thwart, pervert or destroy the real independence of other nations.

Instead, during the 15 years of our own national existence, we in Tanzania have witnessed American military power being used in an attempt to crush the national liberation struggles of Viet Nam and Cambodia. In some Latin American countries we have seen American economic power being used to frustrate the democratic will of the people about their own form of government. We have felt the effects of America's direct and indirect, but very powerful, support for the racist and colonialist forces of southern Africa. And we have seen American power time and again being used to fight freedom on the plea that it is fighting Communism.

Further, as poor nations like Tanzania struggle for those structural changes in the world economic system which are essential if our own efforts for development are not to be nullified, we find that American economic might is ranged on the other side—that is, on the side of our continued exploitation. Only minor reforms, or economic aid, are offered, sometimes even these are made conditional upon what America regards as our good political behavior in the United Nations and elsewhere. So the poor nations fear America and we struggle against America, even while we admire the great principles of America and her people's achievements. We watch with respect, sympathy and anxiety—and sometimes almost with despair—as Americans endeavor to cope with the political and moral results of their own wealth-creating economic system, and to give international meaning to the principles laid down by the founding fathers of their nation.

For it is this one thing, above all, that really gives hope to the world. There are Americans of all colors and creeds who continue to struggle for equality and justice within America for all its peoples. There were Americans who used the time given by the dogged resistance of the Indochinese peoples in order to reassert the principles of democracy and equality and to oppose American imperialism in Southeast Asia. It was Americans who revealed, and who opposed, what was being done by their nation in Chile. And Americans are now working to get American support ranged on the side of national freedom and human equality in southern Africa.

Americans have created a power which is frequently abused internally and externally. But Americans continue to struggle against these abuses and for the survival of the universal principles enunciated in 1776. There is therefore still hope that America's great power will be used for human beings everywhere, rather than simply for the preservation and creation of American national wealth.

From Tanzania we salute America on its 200th anniversary. We send our good wishes for a future of American co-operation with the rest of the world on the basis of freedom, equality and justice, for all men and all nations.



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The Hurok Legacy

An impresario, the late Sol Hurok used to say, "is a man who discovers talent, who promotes it, who presents it, and who puts up the money and takes the risk." In Hurok's case, the impresario was also a man who changed and enriched the taste of a people and persuaded nations to become cultural friends. For more than 50 years he brought to the U.S. the performing geniuses of his native Russia: Pavlova, Chaliapin, Oistrakh, Ulanova. His proudest accomplishment? "Bringing ballet to America and the American public to ballet."

Although he was in effect a one-man operation, Hurok liked to underplay his own indispensability. "A lot of people are mistaken when they say that if Hurok disappears his organization will fall apart," he would say. "It'll go on, as long as they have the artists." Last week—two years after Hurok died at the age of 85—the current management of Hurok Concerts conceded that almost three dozen of its biggest box office draws had quit. The stampede out of Hurok began one of the biggest shake-ups in the concert business. Items:

► In a major reorganization announced last week, Hurok Concerts worked out a deal with a smaller, rival manager, Harold Shaw, 53, and gave him most of its artistic leadership. Shaw will continue to run his own company, Shaw Concerts, which handles such artists as Guitarist Julian Bream, Contralto Maureen Forrester and Pianist Vladimir Horowitz. A merger may be possible in the future, but for now the move is comparable to Ford turning operations over to American Motors.

► Sheldon Gold, 46, who was with Hurok for 15 years, emerged as a powerful force in the management field. Last May, shortly after he was fired as Hurok's president, Gold announced the formation of his own firm, ICM Artists Ltd. Since then, the agency has signed up such onetime Hurok clients as Violinists Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman, Pianists Claudio Arrau, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Gina Bachauer and Daniel Barenboim, Cellist Leonard Rose, Conductors Erich Leinsdorf and Julius Rudel, and Dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov. Zukerman switched, he explained, because "Shelly Gold is more than a manager to me. He's a close friend. I get a lot from Shelly, a lot more than the 20%." Added Stern: "I don't want to say anything bad about the new people [at Hurok]. But they are not very experienced. I don't have time for kindergarten." One of the co-owners of Hurok, President Maynard Goldman, 38, takes a philosophic stance: "Historically, artists are going to leave managements and

go to others." Nonetheless, Goldman and his partner, Paul Del Rossi, 33, are suing Gold and ICM for \$4 million—\$1 million for loss of commissions and \$3 million in punitive damages.

► Perhaps the most important outcome of the turmoil at Hurok may be that the U.S. will be seeing less of what was once the impresario's greatest pride: the famous international dance, symphonic and opera troupes that were his most publicized promotion ventures. Currently Hurok Concerts is presenting an 18-week season at the Met. This week the National Ballet of Canada comes in. In September the Paris Opera arrives.

Goldman and Del Rossi say that in the future they will no longer be able to afford the overhead such ventures require. "Mr. Hurok's theory—and I never met him—was that it was of vital importance for him to be at the Met," says Goldman. "He didn't want anyone else in that house." Hurok would book the Met for three months or so in the spring and summer, and pick up some or all expenses of visiting companies. "You run millions of dollars through all that and you come out with nothing on the bottom line," says Goldman. Sometimes even less. Last year Hurok's loss on the widely acclaimed visit of the Bolshoi Opera was about \$400,000. Hurok would still like to bring over the Bolshoi and Stuttgart ballets, but only if it can negotiate more favorable contracts.

► The Metropolitan Opera, headed for a staggering \$10 million operating loss next season, has yet another huge financial problem on its hands. Deprived of the Hurok guarantee (worth \$70,000 a week), it must now find other tenants. Talks are under way with several companies (notably Britain's Royal Ballet) in an effort to solve the problem and avert deeper financial trouble.

Sol Hurok's reputation was based on a memorable blend of taste and guts, but his legacy also included a share of confusion. Had he named a successor, it might have been different. Harold Shaw, the new man at Hurok Concerts, is regarded as a sound businessman. His abilities as a starmaker in the Hurok tradition are less well known. Despite the recent depletion of its talent roster, Hurok Concerts still handles a respectable array of artists, including Van Cliburn, Sviatoslav Richter, Henryk Szeryng, Nathan Milstein, Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda and Artur Schnabel. One of the joys of the new Shaw-Hurok liaison, said Shaw last week, is that now Guitarist Bream and Mezzo Baker can give joint recitals in the U.S., as they have in England. One of the things wrong with the business—most music managers being as single-minded as Charlie Finley—is that Bream and Baker could not do that before.



HUROK AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA (1966)



HAROLD SHAW AT HIS OFFICE IN MANHATTAN



SHELDON GOLD AT NEW YORK'S LINCOLN CENTER

What do Truman Capote, Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Barbara Hutton have in common? Answer: things have been working out fine for them. Sort of. Writer Capote, now finishing his high-society novel *Answered Prayers*, didn't have a prayer in a Southampton, L.I., court last week, when he pleaded guilty to a drunken-driving charge. He was fined \$165 and ordered to enroll in a state-run driver-rehabilitation program. Nobel Prizewinning Author Solzhenitsyn and Wife Natalya have learned Western ways too fast. She was at the wheel of their van when a Kansas highway patrolman pulled her over for doing 76 in a 55-m.p.h. zone. But no jail awaited Natalya or the startled author of *The Gulag Archipelago*. Instead, they received a brisk lecture on traffic customs, U.S. style, and a \$25 fine. Hit hardest was Woolworth Heiress Barbara Hutton, who was assessed \$800 in Mexico last week after she failed for the past two months to pay the wages (a total of \$640 per week) of the 20 gardeners and grounds keepers at her home in Juchit  n. Maybe she just forgot: she is never there.

"To act this way is a refreshing and salutary experience," says **Yes Montand**. No wonder. Of late, he has been assassinated in *Z*, tortured in *The Confession* and kidnapped and murdered in *State of Siege*, but in the comedy he is

STATUESQUE MONTAND IS NO PEERLESS CROOK



now filming in Italy. *Le Grand Escogriffe* (an exuberant man too clever for his own good), Montand is permitted the luxury of survival. "This comedy is sublime," he says. Ridiculous, too: the hopelessly ill-fated kidnaper-star ends up stuck with the kidnapee.

Should she be troubled by a pea under her mattress—like the sensitive maiden in the fairy tale—**Princess Anne** of England, 25, will probably have to remove it herself, at least while she resides in the Olympic Village at Bromont, Quebec, 45 miles from Montreal. As one of the 21 members of Britain's equestrian team, Anne requested that she receive no special treatment, and she isn't



ANNE NOT ON HER HIGH HORSE

getting any. She lives in a three-bedroom apartment with six other athletes, including her husband, Captain **Mark Phillips**, an alternate member of the team; she stands on line for meals in the cafeteria; she rides in the bumpy shuttle bus from the village to the stables two miles away. All security is so tight at the Games that Anne's presence has required no additional measures. Says one equestrian official: "You can hardly breathe for the armed guards. Anne could invite Queen Elizabeth to stay



MISS UNIVERSE WILL BE CLOSELY WATCHED



FUTURE BIOGRAPHER DAVID EISENHOWER

overnight and we wouldn't have to increase the security." Like it or not, the princess still gets some uncommon attention. Confesses a village authority: "The first time I saw her having breakfast in the cafeteria, I whirled around so fast I nearly dumped my tray all over the Australians."

The brown hair, the blue eyes, the stunning figure (34-25½-35½) are reasons enough to watch carefully **Rina Messinger**, 20, winner last week of the

PEOPLE



PLEASED ELLA FITZGERALD GROOVES IN ACADEME



& GRANDFATHER IKE AT A POLE-ING PLACE

Miss Universe contest in Hong Kong. One other reason: Messinger, on leave from an Israeli premilitary training corps, might be a tempting target for terrorists. Extensive precautions were being taken as she began her world tour with a stop in Bangkok. The first Miss Israel ever to win the crown, Messinger did not exactly put security agents' minds at ease when answering the contest question: Which country would she most like to visit? Her immediate response: "An Arab one."

Dwight D. Eisenhower "is in danger of being ossified," according to his grandson. "He once said, 'Don't let them put me on a horse,'" David Eisenhower recalls, "but I'm afraid that's what has been happening." Now out of law school, David, 28, has decided to try to rescue his grandfather from bronze-statue status. He plans to write a biography of the general and President that will reveal Ike, in the author's words, "as a colorful and complex man." So far, David has written the title—*Going Home to Glory: Dwight David Eisenhower*—but not much else: basic research, including the study of some unpublished Eisenhower papers, will be completed for at least eight months. David does not plan to rely heavily on his own impressions. Says he: "In my teens I hardly knew him—only as a stern disciplinarian."

They wanted her on graduation day, but Ella Fitzgerald, 58, couldn't make the date. So, "since she couldn't come to commencement," explained a Dartmouth College official, "commencement came to her." When Miss Ella stopped in Hanover, N.H., last week to give a previously scheduled concert, Dartmouth arranged a special ceremony to confer upon jazz's first lady of song an honorary doctorate of humane letters. "Musical styles have changed many times in the last 40 years," the citation read, "but Ella Fitzgerald is always the height of style. The range of [her] repertoire is truly astounding. It has been said [she] could sing a telephone book and make it sound good." The crowd of 3,000 got no wrong numbers from Ella, who did a cool Hustle in the middle of



BRIDE BARBARA & GUEST ROZ FLANK FRANK'S FAVOR

her hottest song, *Ease on Down the Road*. After the show, Ella was asked for her autograph. She signed with pleasure: "Dr. Ella Fitzgerald."

As usual, he called the tune. Three months before the wedding was supposed to take place, Frank Sinatra, 60, risked his fourth walk up the aisle, this time with ex-showgirl Barbara Marx, age 40 plus a few, previously the wife of Marx Brother Zeppo. The scene was Sunnylands, the 1,000-acre Palm Springs oasis of Walter Annenberg, millionaire publisher and former Ambassador to Great Britain. Gentlemen were requested to wear neckties, an unusual formality in Palm Springs, and guards manned the gates of the Annenberg estate to keep uninvited admirers at bay in the 120° heat. Among the 120 guests: Republican Presidential Hopeful Ronald Reagan and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Spiro T. Agnew; Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck; Rosalind Russell; and Freeman Gosden, 77, the "Amos" of *Amos 'n' Andy*, who served as Sinatra's best man. Frank ad-libbed a bit during the vows when the judge asked Barbara, "Do you take this man for richer or poorer?" "Richer, richer," the groom urged. It was not only a double-ring ceremony but a double-car ceremony. First Barbara gave Frankie a twelve-cylinder Jaguar. Then Ol' Blue Eyes came rolling through a gap in the hedge with a modest little runabout for her, a peacock blue Rolls-Royce.



TAKING BLOOD PRESSURE DURING CHECKUP

The Annual Rip-Off?

No health measure is as widely accepted by the American public as the annual or semiannual physical checkup. Doctors and hospitals promote it. So do major health organizations. Many labor unions and corporations agree that periodic employee examinations serve everybody's interests. Even Presidents dutifully submit to them, as did Gerald Ford last week on his 63rd birthday. Yet an increasing number of physicians have begun to question whether the ritual trip to the doctor is really necessary or practical.

The *Annals of Internal Medicine*, many of whose physician subscribers derive considerable income from checkups, recently published a critical diagnosis of the routine examination. Among other things, it suggested that the periodic exam may be just one more instance of "a tendency of the health professions to oversell prevention and to overvalue the benefit of their care to patients. Acting on the advice of medical consultants, the Chicago board of education is scrapping annual chest X rays for all employees. Even leaders of the American Medical Association have joined the doubters. AMA President-elect Dr. John Budd, a Cleveland general practitioner who boasts that he has not had a routine physical since he joined the Army in World War II, regularly asks patients who demand checkups: "What do you want one for? Who says you need one?"

Obvious Symptoms. Good questions, other doctors agree. Though regular checkups are important for spotting health problems in youngsters and the elderly or in people with obvious symptoms of illness, they appear to be

largely unproductive for the vast majority of the population. For most adults, write Drs. Donald M. Vickery and James L. Fries in a health guide called *Take Care of Yourself* (Addison-Wesley, \$9.95, hardcover, \$5.95, paperback), even the most elaborate checkups do not detect early and treatable diseases with any regularity. Dr. Russell Roth, a longtime Erie, Pa., urologist and former A.M.A. president, concurs. In 35 years of routine rectal examinations, he reports, he has discovered in only one patient an ailment that lent itself to treatment. Even if diseases could be easily detected in checkups, adds Dr. William Keith Morgan of West Virginia University's School of Medicine, "patients are probably better off not knowing they are going to die of Huntington's chorea or multiple sclerosis 15 or 20 years from now."

Annual checkups are also under attack because they are time-consuming (some stretch over several days) and expensive (up to \$400). Fries estimates that as much as \$15 billion to \$20 billion of the U.S.'s annual \$118.5 billion medical bill is spent on routine examinations.

Despite their broadsides against annual checkups, doctors do not criticize regular examinations for certain types of illnesses; some tests, in fact, do make economic and medical sense. For example, Vickery and Fries recommend routine blood-pressure tests for hypertension, inexpensive skin tests to spot tuberculosis, Pap smears for women over 25 to detect cancer of the uterus and cervix, and glaucoma examinations for people over the age of 40 if their families

have had a history of the eye disease.

On the other hand, they do not advise X rays, electrocardiograms (EKGs) or blood analyses as a matter of routine, unless there are compelling reasons for them: persistent hoarseness or chest pain in a smoker, say, might warrant a chest X ray or EKG, and a family history of breast cancer in a woman over 25 would justify periodic mammograms (breast X rays). In general, they insist, Americans should not waste their precious health dollars on annual checkups but rely instead on easy-to-perform tests that can often be done inexpensively by a nurse or paramedic.

Sensible as such advice may be, doctors concede that the annual checkup will remain an American institution for years to come. For one thing, patients will continue to demand it. Also, says Dr. Ralph Greene, a Chicago pathologist, others have a vested interest in its survival. "There is tremendous money involved: internists, hospitals and many clinics derive a lot of income from this myth in American medicine," West Virginia's Morgan, who in 1969 wrote a debunking article, "The Annual Fiasco (American Style)," is even more blunt. Says he: "The investment pays off for the doctor, not for the patient."

The Smiling Hospital

Entering Boston's Beth Israel Hospital for surgery, Carol Wein, 22, of Brookline, Mass., wondered at first if she had come to the wrong place. Instead of the usual sterile hospital lobby, she found a large, warmly decorated room



BETH ISRAEL'S RABBI GREETING PATIENT IN HOSPITAL'S NEW WING
From a bill of rights, an end to tyranny.

with brightly colored window hangings and a garden of potted palms and dracaenas off to the side. In the second-floor admissions area, she was interviewed, not at a crowded public desk but in a small, tastefully decorated private office. Corridors were carpeted and traditional hospital smells and white walls were conspicuously absent. After Wein settled into her stylishly furnished, pastel-colored private room (\$180 a day), the head nurse entered and cheerfully announced: "Carol, you have rights in this hospital and I want to explain them to you."

Carol's pleasant welcome reminded her of an episode from TV's *Medical Center*. But Beth Israel, a major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School, is a real-life institution. Opened only a few weeks ago at a cost of \$16 million, Beth Israel's posh 176-bed Feldberg Building has already won a reputation among patients as the hotel with nurses and operating rooms. It is far more than that. More than a decade in the planning, the wing caps a long campaign by Beth Israel's innovative director, Dr. Mitchell Rabkin, 45, to ensure patients a "full bill of rights," which he feels is long overdue. As the Harvard-educated endocrinologist puts it: "We have reached the point where doctors and hospitals can really tyrannize patients."

Full Explanation. That tyranny has been ended at Beth Israel. Soon after patients enter the hospital, they are given a little blue and white brochure. It tells them, among other things, what they are guaranteed: the best possible care regardless of the form of payment, a full explanation of their illness and treatment, knowledge of who is in charge of their care, and the privilege of leaving the hospital at any time, even over a doctor's objections.

One of Rabkin's favorite innovations is what he calls "a telephone hot line for patients," which enables them to call direct from their rooms to the hospital service manager if a bulb burns out or the kitchen is late in delivering dinners ordered from one of the seven different room-service menus. Says Rabkin: "I have seen a lumpy mattress replaced within 20 minutes of the hot-line call."

The director periodically reviews the log of calls—and the responses to them—to keep the staff on its toes. He may also take other action, even his fellow doctors are not spared Rabkin's criticism. After he discovered that a patient had been left unattended in a corridor, he rebuked the physician responsible (without naming him) in his weekly "Dear Doctor" memo to the staff. Explains Rabkin: "A patient's rights brochure is not worth the paper it is printed on if it does not reflect an institutional commitment." At Beth Israel, whose bright new wing is attracting many patients, the commitment is apparently real. As Trustee Eliot Spinder explains: "We want this to be a smiling hospital."

Israeli Doctors, Arab Patients

Jewish physicians are no strangers to the Arab world; during the Middle Ages, they were highly esteemed in the courts of Arab caliphs and sultans. For obvious political reasons, Israel's Arab neighbors have been unable to take advantage of the Jewish state's abundant medical talent; with 2.5 doctors for every 1,000 people, that nation has one of the world's highest concentrations of physicians. Now, though, in a number of limited ways, the ancient relationship between Arab patient and Jewish healer is quietly being revived across the Middle East's bristling frontiers.

Unable to get help from their own overwhelmed doctors after 15 months of civil war, as many as 100 injured and ill Lebanese a week are slipping across the border to get aid from Israeli doctors. One Lebanese cabby even conducts a regular ambulance run to the frontier. Signs on the Lebanese side direct the sick and wounded to nearby Israeli towns where special first-aid stations have been set up. So far, the Jewish physicians have treated 2,000 Lebanese, some 100 are still recovering in Israeli hospitals. Initially, most of the patients were Christians, apparently because they were not as fearful of reprisals from their countrymen as were others. But these anxieties have diminished as medical needs increased. The Israelis recently let it be known that they would minister to Moslems as well.

Scientific contacts between Jew and Arab have taken place at international medical meetings. The most extraordinary medical dialogue, however, has occurred not face to face but over the air waves. For the past five years, Israeli radio has broadcast to the Arab world a program called *Tahih wara al microphone* (Doctor Behind the Microphone). Originated by an Iraqi-born Israeli woman named Ilana Basri and broadcast every Friday (the Moslem day of worship), it features a kind of "Dear Abby." During the 30-min program, Israeli doctors reply directly to Arab correspondents who write in with their complaints.

The program appears to have millions of listeners in many Arab countries. Basri says taxi drivers from Jordan to Abu Dhabi are implored by their passengers to tune in, and Arab men regularly gather round radios in coffee houses in such places as Syria, Egypt and Kuwait. Even though there are no postal links between Israel and Arab na-

tions, Doctor has received some 15,000 letters in the past five years; they are either brought into the Israeli-occupied West Bank by Arab visitors or mailed through neutral third countries. In a typical note, a Jordanian named Kasim Abu Ahas complained of dizziness and a pain near his eyes. "I'm afraid it's cancer," he wrote. The Israeli specialist disagreed, explaining the trouble was probably a benign growth pressing on nerves; it could be treated simply with hormones or by surgery. The doctor added that he was prepared to give even more specific advice and care—"if you wish to come to Israel."

Some 1,000 letter writers have ac-



ISRAELI DOCTOR TREATS LEBANESE YOUNGSTER
Reviving an ancient relationship.

cepted that invitation. One was a policeman who came to Jerusalem's Hadassah Medical Center all the way from Kuwait. His family wanted him to marry, but he was worried he might not be able to father any children because of a spinal injury. "I am embarrassed to appeal to an expert here," he had written, "and besides, there is no expert to ask." After physical and psychological tests in Jerusalem, he left for home with the assurance that he was indeed potent.

Unless the Arab patient can afford it, the Israeli government usually picks up the tab. Such generosity is not without political overtones, it not only undermines Arab belligerence but also counters complaints—recently voiced by the Arabs and their supporters before the World Health Organization—that Israel is giving inadequate medical care to Arabs under its own rule. Basri, however, has no illusions about any diplomatic payoff from *Doctor*. "We're all waiting for peace," she observes, "but the sick can't wait."

Return of the Peregrines

Native-born peregrine falcons—now plentiful even when they were thriving—had not been seen in the skies over the Eastern U.S. for some 20 years. But now this fierce, graceful bird of prey, driven to the brink of extinction by DDT,* appears to be making a comeback. Ornithologist Tom Cade and his colleagues at Cornell University have succeeded in breeding peregrines in captivity and releasing them in the wild, where they can once again be seen soaring to great heights before diving on their prey at speeds of up to 200 m.p.h.

The Cornell program to boost the peregrine population got started in 1970. But it was not until 1973 that the ornithologists working at Cornell's "hawk barn" got chicks from captive birds to survive, and not until 1975 that they began regularly releasing peregrines into the wild. Last year Cade placed 16 peregrines—offspring of birds trapped in Canada and Alaska and mated in captivity—in artificial eyries in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Maryland. This summer he hopes to set 34 free in the Eastern U.S. His goal is to release enough young birds so that the peregrine can re-establish itself in the East and breed naturally, now that there is a near-total U.S. ban on DDT.

Capturing the wild birds, which tend to nest on cliffs and other towering places, is no easy trick. And breeding the falcons and returning their offspring to nature are even more difficult. So that peregrine chicks will think of their new man-made eyries as natural homes, they must be placed while they are still flight-

less—and thus most vulnerable to predators. Great horned owls, the peregrine's major natural enemy, killed two of the birds released in New York State last year. One was electrocuted when it lighted on a high-voltage transformer.

Odds should be better for four-month-old birds placed atop a tower in New Jersey's Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge earlier this month. Two amateur falconers, Daniel Hays and Edward Howard, both 24, are living in a tent near the tower and keeping an eye on the nesting box. They will feed the young falcons through a trap door in the box (so the birds will not become accustomed to taking food from humans) until shortly after they make their first kill. Then, to learn more about the falcons' habits after they begin hunting on their own, Hays and Howard will track them by means of tiny radio transmitters attached to the birds' tail feathers.

Promising Prospects. Cade and New Jersey officials who have helped sponsor the peregrine program hope that the birds will adapt quickly to life in the refuge. The prospects seem promising. Two falcons released a few miles to the north near Barnegat Inlet last summer disappeared during the winter but returned to the Jersey shore this summer. Equally encouraging, birds bred in captivity have mated this year and begun raising families of their own.

Most important, the falcons seem determined to survive, even to the extent of taking advantage of the civilization that nearly wiped them out. One of the four birds released last year on Carroll Island in Chesapeake Bay later took up residence on a bridge tower near Annapolis. The other three were spotted on tall buildings and grain elevators in Baltimore. There, like sharpies everywhere, they were preying on pigeons.

Deadline for Reserve

For the past seven years, Minnesota's Reserve Mining Co. has successfully fought all attempts to stop it from dumping taconite wastes containing asbestos-like fibers into the waters of Lake Superior. Now, Reserve may have reached the end of the line. After having discharged 67,000 tons of wastes into the lake at Silver Bay every day since 1968, the company has been ordered by U.S. District Judge Edward Devitt to stop the dumping by midnight next July 7.

Devitt's order will be appealed. But it could mark the end of a fight that began in the 1960s, when it became apparent that the taconite tailings were affecting the nearby waters. They were not, as the company had contended they would, falling harmlessly to the bottom, but dissolving and releasing into the water nutrients that accelerated the growth of algae. Later studies disclosed that the tailings were also rich in asbestos-type fibers, which turned up in the drinking water of nearby communities, most notably Duluth (pop. 93,000): asbestos has been shown to cause cancer in workers who inhale fibers.

Last year an appeals court found that Reserve's discharges constituted a threat to the health of nearby communities; it held that the plant could be ordered closed if the state and the company did not agree on an acceptable alternative. Reserve, which is jointly owned by Republic Steel and Arco Steel, said that it could develop a dumping site at a location three miles from Silver Bay. But the state's Pollution Control Agency argued that this site, which involved the construction of a dam, also posed risks to Silver Bay. It rejected the site and recommended a location 13 miles further from the plant. The company said the second site would be too costly. Faced with the impasse, Devitt started the clock on Reserve.

Reserve has reacted angrily to the ruling and, as it has in the past, threatened to close the Silver Bay plant rather than invest in waste-disposal programs that it says could result in an operating loss of \$2.3 million per year. Local residents still hope that a compromise can be reached: shutting down the plant would throw 3,200 employees out of work in an area where there are few other jobs. That prospect has already cast a pall over Silver Bay (pop. 3,500), nearly every family in town has at least one member working at the Reserve plant. In fact, many of the town's residents, believing that their community is doomed, fear they will have to apply for welfare. Says Robert Kind, 45, a Silver Bay councilman and Minnesota state trooper whose job is not dependent on Reserve: "I'll be around to shut the lights out and shut the town down."

*Which affected it more than many other birds because it is near the top of the avian food chain, it eats other birds contaminated with DDT, thus further concentrating the chemical in its tissues.

CAPTIVE PEREGRINE CHICK IN THREATENING POSTURE



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Catch As Catch Can

A Washington, D.C., plainclothes policewoman contended that Louisiana Democratic Congressman Joe Waggoner Jr. drove up in his car and offered to pay her \$50 for an oral sex act. Utah Democratic Congressman Allan Howe allegedly approached two Salt Lake City police decoy prostitutes and promised them \$20 if they would show him "a little fun" at their place. Former Judge (and failed Nixon Supreme Court nominee) G. Harrold Carswell has been indicted on charges of making advances to a vice-squad policeman in Tallahassee, Fla. Dallas police have accused ex-Army Major General (and right-wing activist) Edwin Walker of public lewdness after he allegedly "fondled" an undercover policeman in a rest room.

One after another, those scandalous stories have made recent headlines. Carswell and Walker have yet to reply formally to the charges other than to indicate their innocence. But both Waggoner and Howe have raised a troubling issue by making a counterallegation against the police. They claim they did nothing wrong and were subjected to attempted entrapment—the legal principle that can bar a conviction if law-enforcement officials have incited or enticed an individual to commit a crime.

Trap for Whom? Today there seems to be a rise in the number of such claims, but in fact the concept has never enjoyed much judicial support. In 1864 a Judge Bacon of New York remembered that the plea was "first interposed in Paradise: 'The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.' That defense was overruled by the great Lawgiver, and [it] has never since availed." Well, hardly ever. The defense was recognized for the first time in a federal court in 1915. In two later cases—involving a police agent in 1932 who begged an acquaintance for some bootleg liquor and a paid informer in 1958 who led a reformed addict back to drugs and then got him arrested for dealing—the Supreme Court drew a line "between the trap for the unwary innocent and the trap for the unwary criminal."

While the rule was not exactly de-

fined, it suggested that providing a passive opportunity for crime was O.K., while actively fomenting the crime probably was not. "That line between catching criminals and provoking crime was a simple principle," says University of Chicago Law Dean Norval Morris. "Now it has been blurred." Three months ago, the Burger court held by a 5-to-3 vote that if a person has a "predisposition" to commit a crime, it will be almost impossible for him to claim entrapment successfully, no matter how much inducement to the crime the Government has provided. Under the ruling, says Aryeh Neier, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, "if anyone does anything, you can say there must have been predisposition."

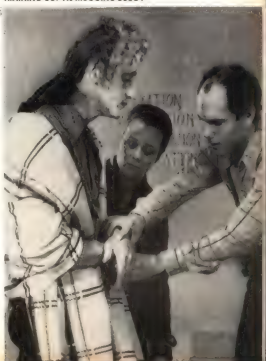
Law-enforcement officials deny that the decision, which reinforced a similar one in 1973, has led to an upsurge in police tactics that flirt with entrapment. Nonetheless, the techniques employed have grown more imaginative, and there is often great care taken to avoid entrapment. A Chicago undercover man, Joseph Saladino, is perhaps the nation's champion operative in the field. While he says "there's no way I can suggest the crime," he has managed to get hired as, among other things, a hit man, a getaway-car driver and an enforcer—and then to nail his employers with convictions. Most innovative and successful of all have been police-run fencing operations in New York, Chicago and Washington (TIME, March 15).

Even critics of the police concede that the use of decoys and undercover cops is necessary, particularly in narcotics and vice investigations. "But much of it goes beyond the bounds of fair police work," complains Chicago Defense Attorney Patrick Tuite. In New York, ousted Special Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari arranged for undercover police to be indicted on phony charges so they could nab judges and others who took bribes to "fix" their cases. In California, Treasury agents obligingly offered to supply suspects with such essentials as paper and ink, then proudly announced arrests growing out of one of the largest hauls of counterfeit money in history.

Many of the better law-enforcement organizations try to police themselves. The Los Angeles and Washington departments have strict guidelines for decoys on prostitute patrols. Plainclothes, for example, means plain indeed—no hot pants or see-through blouses. "The way some of our female officers dress, they look like they couldn't trap a bulldog with two pounds of hamburger," says one Washington cop. But Assistant Los Angeles City Attorney George Eskin concedes that some suggestive acts may not get reported. "The undercover female officer isn't going to say I winked at him and he responded."

Eye on Police. With little outside review, however, there is usually a tendency not to see police abuse. "If you make a million arrests and there is no complaint, there is no entrapment," says a complacent New York City police attorney. Yale Law Professor Joseph Goldstein believes the potential for improper police actions is inevitable as long as the defendant's criminal predisposition is the critical issue. Instead, he writes, judges should focus on "the appropriateness or offensiveness of the police conduct," with emphasis on disapproving actions "that would be criminal for the private citizen." Justice Felix Frankfurter agreed. "The crucial question," he said, "is whether the police conduct... falls below standards, to which common feelings respond, for the proper use of Government power." But that was 1958, and Frankfurter was writing only for four Justices. His view remains a minority one, and there seems little likelihood that it will soon prevail.

TRAINING COP AS MUGGING DECOY



EX-GENERAL WALKER



EX-JUDGE CARSWELL



INVESTMENT

Lagging Expenditures

In the brisk upward march of the economy from the nation's worst post-war recession, the relatively free-spending consumer has so far led the way. In marked contrast, spending by businessmen for new plant and equipment, which is critical to sustaining the business upturn, has been notably laggard. True, corporate capital spending is at last increasing, and most experts believe that it will reach satisfactory levels late this year. But others are worried that the outlays are coming too late, and that as the economy speeds up, industrial capacity will run into production bottlenecks and shortages that will kick off another round of destructive inflation. Meanwhile, trying to predict when a new business spending surge will occur has become a favorite guessing game of economists and businessmen.

Corporate spending has usually trailed other indexes in past recoveries largely because businessmen are reluctant to build new factories or order new machinery until rising demand puts back into use existing capacity that had been idled by recession. But the current drag in business spending has lasted longer and has been more pronounced than usual. Measured even in current dollars, capital spending fell from a peak annual rate of \$116.2 billion in the fourth quarter of 1974 to \$111.8 billion at the end of last year, and recovered in the first quarter of 1976 only to \$114.7 billion. Measured in dollars of the same purchasing power as in early 1974, the drop has been much sharper, the recovery so far has been tiny, and the level is still far below the 1974 peak (see chart).

Though many of the recent impediments to vigorous industrial expansion

—heavy corporate debt, tight money markets, huge surplus capacity—are now fading, the extent of increases in business spending this year is still uncertain. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, believes that business spending has lagged—largely because of the general uncertainty in recent years. Greenspan expects capital expenditures this year to increase about 5% in constant dollars over last year and says that "the 1977 capital investment outlook is exceptionally good." According to the Commerce Department's latest survey of business spending intentions, plant and equipment spending for all of 1976 should rise 7.3% above last year.

Bad Start. Other experts are less enthusiastic. Otto Eckstein, a member of the Board of Economists, is forecasting a 5% spending rise (discounted for inflation) this year and an additional 8.2% boost in 1977—which would still leave capital expenditures substantially below 1974 levels. Chase Econometrics Chief Michael Evans believes business spending is "off to a bad start. Much of the increase in capacity being planned will not be available in time."

Adding to the concern is a study by Rinfret-Boston Associates, an economic consulting firm to business, which contends that industry is much closer to operating at full capacity—and running into inflationary shortages—than the official figures of the Federal Reserve Board indicate. According to the board, U.S. industry on average was using only 78.6% of its capacity in the first quarter of this year. But the Rinfret firm reports that 40% of the industries it surveyed were operating at more than 85% of ca-

capacity in April, and that the figure will be "significantly higher" by December.

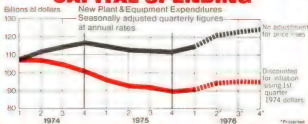
Making the confusion worse, spending and spending plans differ widely from industry to industry—and even from company to company in the same industry. Some of the biggest capital spenders are electric utilities, which are rushing to keep up with ever rising demand, and textile makers, who are in the midst of a boom. In the auto industry, where sales are soaring, Ford will increase its spending 40%, to \$1.4 billion this year, and Chrysler will raise outlays 18%, to \$450 million. But GM's planned spending of \$2.5 billion will only about match last year's pace.

Some notable laggards are makers of petrochemicals and oil refiners. Kaiser Industries Corp. Vice President Louis Oppenheim says there is "some reluctance" in the steel industry to expand capacity substantially. The key reason, he asserts, is that rising costs of labor, energy and raw materials, plus the industry's inability to raise prices fast enough, result in "a return on investment that is too low." Another factor in the reluctance of businessmen to spend more is the still high cost of long-term borrowing. Says Litton Industries Financial Affairs Vice President Joseph T. Casey: "In our spending outlook we pay a lot less attention to the level of future demand than we do to what makes sense at 9% money [the rate on many corporate bond issues] instead of 4%."

Whatever course businessmen eventually follow, the worst fears of production bottlenecks and inflationary material shortages seem farfetched at present. Consumers have not launched a spending spree so frenetic that it could lead to an overheated economy by the end of next year. Still, the possibility does exist, and until corporations begin to open their purses in earnest, spending plans will continue to attract anxious attention.

TEXASGULF INC. SODA ASH FACTORY (CAPACITY: ONE MILLION TONS A YEAR) UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN GREEN RIVER, WYO.

CAPITAL SPENDING





U.A.W.'S WOODCOCK ON HANDSHAKING TOUR OF GENERAL MOTORS PLANT IN CLEVELAND

LABOR

All Quiet on the Auto Front

On the fifth floor of Detroit's General Motors Building, in the center of a room ornately decorated in ivory and burnt orange, sits a 52-ft.-long table of highly polished walnut. Before each of the table's 42 seats is a built-in microphone activated by a hidden button. It is a fitting setting for a spirited, but civilized, debate between powerful opponents who have come to know each other well. Such a square-off is exactly what is likely to begin this week when Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Auto Workers, reaches across the table to shake hands with George Morris, GM vice president for industrial relations, and open new contract negotiations between the union and the automakers.

The auto negotiations are the main event in this year's crowded calendar of bargaining bouts. Nearly 700,000 of the 4.5 million workers involved in bargaining this year labor under pacts with GM, Ford, Chrysler and American Motors that expire Sept. 14. Every auto negotiation carries the threat of a strike that could disrupt the economy, but veteran bargainers on both sides rate the chances of settling without a strike this year as the best in memory. Main reason: the industry is booming, its workers are prospering and neither side sees much to justify a knockdown fight.

Lost Midnight. No negotiator, of course, would dream of admitting that publicly. The union will, as always, choose a target company with which to conclude a pattern-setting agreement (the betting in Detroit is that it will be

Ford) and doubtless continue talks down to the last midnight. Meanwhile, both sides are indulging in the usual rhetoric. GM Chairman Thomas Aquinas Murphy has warned that labor contracts that raise costs without improving productivity are "fateful mortgages upon our economic future," and Woodcock has spoken portentously of "the final countdown" to bargaining. Yet even the sloganeering has lacked fire. For example, a U.A.W. convention early this year displayed a banner demanding REASONABLE WAGE INCREASES—hardly the battle cry of hot-eyed militants.

In truth, both sides have good reason to be satisfied with the way things are going. The auto companies' first-quarter profits amply demonstrated Detroit's rise from the recessionary dumps GM earned \$800 million, Ford \$343 million, Chrysler \$72 million (American Motors, however, suffered a \$4 million loss in the most recent quarter). Only 30,000 workers at the four companies are still on layoff, one-tenth the number that were idle in February 1975. The contracts signed in 1973 raised the average assembly-line worker's wages 57¢ an hour and contained an unlimited cost of living adjustment (COLA) that has added another \$1.09. As a result, those workers now make about \$6.57 an hour, a figure that other unions are scrambling unsuccessfully to match.

Consequently, U.A.W. leaders have talked surprisingly little about wages. Instead, they have made job security their No. 1 demand, responding to membership wishes. As one rank and filer

succinctly puts it: "I got a wife and four kids. If they make sure I keep working, I'll be happy with any contract."

For years, the union has favored reducing the 40-hour work week in auto plants as a means of expanding the work force. A top Ford official protests that, counting vacations and holidays, workers with ten to twelve years' seniority average a 35-hour week around the year now. The union has often talked about a four-day week, but officials confide that they will not put that demand on the table, because they know the companies would take a strike rather than grant it.

Possible Compromise. Another issue is supplemental unemployment benefits (SUB), which combined with regular unemployment compensation provide laid-off workers with as much as 95% of their customary take-home pay. The SUB funds, which are stocked by management contributions, ran out at GM and Chrysler during the recession. Some senior workers who were laid off later got nothing because payments to younger employees who were idled earlier had depleted the kitty. The union will likely ask for higher company contributions to the funds; a possible compromise would be separate funds for junior and senior union members.

The issues are thorny but solvable. If they are in fact resolved without a strike, the settlement would put the capstone on a bargaining year that lately has been turning out more peaceful, and no more inflationary, than might have been expected. It started badly: the Teamsters in April settled a three-day strike with a contract that might raise wages and benefits a high 33% over the next three years. Some 60,000 rubber workers hit the bricks in late April and are still out, an eventual settlement is bound to be costly.

On the other hand, electrical workers late last month settled quietly with General Electric on a Teamster-like pact—which is regarded by Ford Administration economists as being barely within the limits of inflationary tolerance. One of four unions bargaining with Westinghouse struck last week, but chances are strong that the Westinghouse workers will soon settle for a pact close to GE's. And economists note with relief that dozens of contracts reached so far in the construction industry average first year wage-and-benefit boosts of only 6% to 6.5%.

A moderate and strike-free auto settlement would vastly strengthen that healthy trend. It also would bring to a triumphant end the union career of Woodcock, who, having turned 65, will have to retire next year, and strengthen his chances of landing a Government job—just possibly, Secretary of Labor in a Carter Administration.

SHIPBUILDING

Rebellion Rampant in the Yards

In one important respect, the U.S. Navy has fallen badly behind the Soviets. According to the U.S. Navy's own statistics, the Red Navy now has 563 combat vessels, v. the U.S. Navy's 285. Seeking to narrow the gap, the U.S. Navy has undertaken an ambitious building program that by the mid-1980s could bring the fleet up to 600 submarines and surface warships.

But the effort is imperiled because two of the nation's most important shipbuilders no longer want to produce ships for the U.S. Navy under present contract conditions. Litton Industries, whose Pascagoula, Miss., shipyard is

sign changes could kick up their construction costs. Result: builders are presenting \$2.4 billion in past claims; the Navy will only recognize \$1.9 billion. Meanwhile, the shipbuilders are forced to dip into their own working capital to finance construction. They complain that the Navy has been trying to build too many ships with too little money. "You cannot expect a private company to finance the U.S. Navy," declares Glen McDaniel, chairman of Litton's executive committee.

He has a point. The rules and regulations surrounding the contract for a single naval vessel are so byzantine that

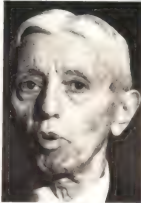
are making ships or horse turds."

In an effort to break the impasse, Deputy Defense Secretary William Clements Jr., a former Texas oilman, ordered Rickover to stay out of the squabble. Meanwhile, a Navy board was set up to negotiate a settlement. Unless the Navy is prepared to meet most of the claims, Litton and Tenneco imply that they will press ahead with court actions. "We are not bluffing," declares Litton's McDaniel. "If we cannot get a reasonable contract, we will just close the lid down."

If Litton and Tenneco do go through with their actions, Clements vows that he will seek a court injunction to force the shipyards to resume work. But he hopes that he can head off a courtroom confrontation. "There is plenty of blame to go around," he sighs. Just the same, Clements is now studying a new plan to build vessels in two Navy shipyards on the West Coast that now do only repair work. That might help solve the Navy's problems with civilian contractors, but it would only aggravate the money trouble. Ships built in the Navy's own yards are far more expensive than those constructed by private builders.



ASSAULT SHIP BUILT BY LITTON INDUSTRIES
Next model: the U.S.S. Franz Kafka?



ADMIRAL HYMAN RICKOVER

a truthful U.S. Navy should name a frigate the U.S.S. *Franz Kafka*. In order to soothe congressional critics, the Navy often insists on an unrealistically low price in the initial contract. Then the specifications for ships and equipment are changed sometimes hundreds of times, causing delays and costly modifications. Navy-supplied weaponry often arrives late, and payments frequently

run behind schedule. The amount of paper work involved in shipbuilding is mountainous. Litton has assembled 11 tons of documentation, made up largely of Navy design changes, to justify its claims. The shipbuilders' claims have been bitterly denounced by Admiral Hyman Rickover, the father of the nuclear Navy. His nuclear propulsion division happens to be responsible for many of the costly design changes at the Newport yard, where 16 nuclear-powered vessels are under construction. Rickover describes the claims as potentially "one of the biggest rip-offs in the history of the U.S." He charges that the builders are owned by industrial conglomerates that "don't care whether they

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AGRICULTURE

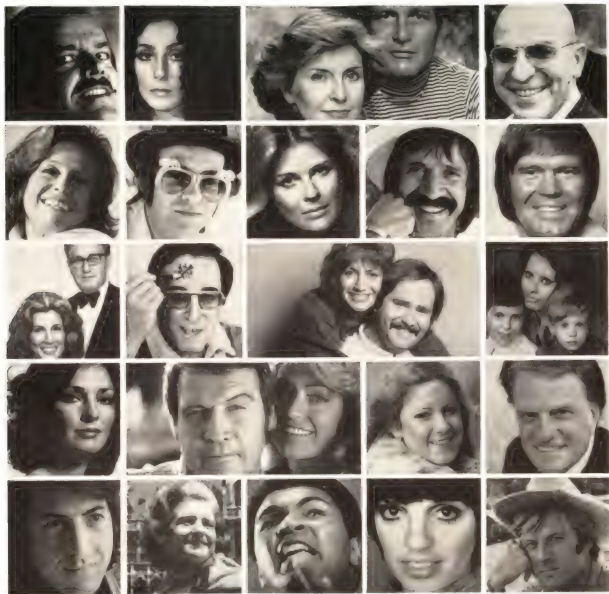
Of Food and Water

Three months ago, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's economists predicted that retail prices of food would rise only slightly this year. Last week they backed up that welcome forecast. According to the department's spring "crop production" report for 1976, the nation's corn crop will reach a record 6.55 billion bu. this year. Since corn is a key livestock feed, its abundance should help to hold down the price of meat. An equally important crop will do almost as well: the wheat harvest should come in at a near record 2.04 billion bu. This torrent of grain will not cause a glut that will harm farm prices, however, because the U.S.S.R. and drought-stricken Europe stand ready to buy the U.S. surpluses.

Some grim spots nonetheless mar the glowing predictions. The nation's harvest of oats will plummet 24% below last year's, to 499 million bu.—the lowest level in 95 years—and the output of barley will drop 19%, to 311 million bu. Part of the reason is that the largest-oats- and barley-producing states are bedeviled by drought. Most agricultural counties in the Dakotas, Wisconsin and Minnesota are critically dry; many have been declared disaster areas. The situation is so bad for farmers, says Agronomist Howard Wilkins of North Dakota State University, that "Santa Claus isn't going to come this year."

The drought extends back almost a year, right through a mild winter with little snow and a dry spring. Now the subsoil is starved for moisture. South Da-

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People

weekly



FARMER GLUMLY INSPECTING DROUGHT-STRICKEN LANDS NEAR MADISON, WIS.

kota's grasslands, for example, never had a chance to turn green, they are sere and yellow. Crops planted in the spring—oats, barley, durum, hard red wheat and even some corn—have been stunted by the scorching sun. Under normal conditions, they would be knee-high by this time. In many cases, they have, in fact, grown barely six inches tall.

Desperate farmers are saving what they can. Instead of getting the usual 40 to 50 bu. of barley an acre, many are reporting yields as low as 10 bu. Dairy farmers, short of hay and alfalfa, are turning the herds into their parched croplands to find forage. The knowledge that the U.S. has enough farms elsewhere to produce abundant foodstuffs for American consumers does not comfort the farmers. Only rain will help.

After more than a month of virtually no rain, the skies over much of Western Europe finally opened last week. But the downpours came too late to undo the damage already suffered by farmers in northwestern France, Belgium, southern England and northern Italy. Only an estimated 92 million tons of grain, instead of the anticipated 108 million tons, will be harvested this year, says Petrus Lardinois, the European Economic Community's farm commissioner. The sugar-beet crop will probably total 9.5 million tons—1.5 million tons below expectations. Lacking fodder, many farmers are slaughtering part of their livestock herds. There is a beef glut right now—and the chance of a shortage next winter.

The effects of the drought will spread beyond agriculture. Higher food prices will trigger escalator clauses in wage contracts, thus giving an added fillip to inflation. France and Italy may have to import more oil to make up for losses in hydroelectric capacity caused by rivers running low. Whole forests have become tinder, and thousands of acres of precious trees have

already burned. The only bright spot is in France's Bordeaux area, where vineyards are flourishing in the sun. Growers predict a memorable vintage for 1976.

ANTITRUST

Red Light for Rentals

The most lucrative place for rent-a-car companies to be is in airports. Needing ground transport, plane passengers account for about 70% of the \$700 million in annual auto rentals. Last year, however, the Federal Trade Commission charged that 96% of all airport car-rental income went to the three largest companies—Hertz, Avis and National—so the FTC sued the Big Three, accusing them of conspiring to freeze competitors out of airports. The Commission claimed that their rates were 10% to 40% higher than smaller firms.

Last week the companies settled the case without admitting any guilt. Each signed an FTC consent order in which it agreed not to indulge in any of the alleged antitrust practices. One clause forbids the collusive setting of auto-rental rates. Another bars any effort to persuade airport authorities to write into concession contracts requirements that smaller companies cannot meet.

Since the antitrust suit was filed, the Big Three have adjusted their prices to meet those of smaller competitors. In addition, FTC officials say, there has been a "fantastic" increase in the number of small car-rental companies that are winning concession rights in airports. Nonetheless, if the FTC finds reason to think that the Big Three are restricting competition at any time, it has a quick remedy. The new order includes a provision that forbids them to conspire to monopolize the business even outside airports—or face civil penalties of up to \$10,000 per violation.

ENERGY

Reward for Thrift

A kilowatt saved is a kilowatt earned, and energy thrift should not have to be its own reward. So believe officers of the Seattle Trust & Savings Bank, who are now offering reduced-cost loans to customers who open new checking accounts and buy well-insulated homes, upgrade existing ones or purchase fuel-saving cars or boats. The buyer of a house that scores at least 15 points on an energy-saving rating system devised by the bank (five points for an efficient furnace, another five for ceiling insulation) can qualify for a 30-year mortgage at 8.5%, about a point below the going rate. On a \$40,000 loan, that translates into monthly payments of \$307.57, or \$336.35 on a higher-interest mortgage. The buyer of a car rated by the Environmental Protection Agency at 25 miles per gallon or more on the highway qualifies for a four-year loan at 8.75%; the buyer of a gas guzzler pays 9.5% or more. Ten-year, 8.75% loans are available on fuel-saving craft such as sailboats.

Seattle Trust President J.C. Baillargeon says that there are some "crassly commercial" aspects to the plan. In view of rising fuel costs, says he, "we are thinking about what homes without adequate insulation and efficient heating systems are going to be worth in two or three years" if the bank has to foreclose on them. Besides, the offer is bringing in a lot of new business. Just how much, Seattle Trust will not say. But during the first few days, the bank's main office and 25 branches were swamped by more than 3,000 telephone calls.

ADVERTISING

Coke-Pepsi Slugfest

THE DAY COCA-COLA BEAT COCA-COLA blared the strange headline in a recent newspaper ad in Dallas. Starkly pictured beneath the message was the soft drink's familiar hourglass bottle flanked by two glasses, one marked M, the other Q. Thus opened what is becoming one of advertising's most bizarre feuds. It pits the nation's leading soft-drink maker, Coca-Cola, against its closest ranking competitor, Pepsi-Cola, in a taste bud to taste bud donnybrook that for sheer zaniness outdoes anything the ad world has seen in years.

The whole thing began more than 15 months ago, when Pepsi decided to challenge Coke's 3-to-1 sales lead in the Dallas area. (Nationally, Coke is estimated to hold 26.2% of the market, compared with Pepsi's 17.4%.) Pepsi concocted a promotion supposedly showing that more than half the Coke drinkers tested preferred Pepsi's flavor when the two colas were stripped of brand identification. During the test, Coke was served in a

glass marked Q and Pepsi in a glass marked M. Within a year Pepsi had whittled Coke's sales lead in Dallas to 2 to 1. Irritated, Coke officials conducted their own consumer-preference test—not of the colas but of the letters. Their conclusion: Pepsi's test was invalid because people like the letter M better than they like Q. Chicago Marketing Consultant Stuart H. Britt theorizes that Q is disliked because of the number of unpleasant words that begin with Q (quake, quitter, quake, qualm, queer).

No Studies. To make its point, Coke put its own cola in both glasses—those marked M and those marked Q. Sure enough, most people tested preferred the drink in the M glass (hence the "Coke beat Coke" headline). Pepsi then revised the letters on its test glasses to S and L—and again consumers preferred Pepsi, which was always in the L glass. Again Coke executives cried foul, contending that just as people preferred M to Q, they liked L better than S. Ques-

Take the Pepsi Challenge. Let your taste decide.

Pepsi-Cola's blind taste test



More than half the Coca-Cola drinkers tested in Michigan preferred Pepsi

Let your taste decide



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

tioned about this. Dr. Ernest Dichter, a motivational research expert, reported that he knew of no studies indicating a bias in favor of the letter L.

Thirsting for bigger sales, Pepsi extended its taste-test campaign to Michigan two months ago. And last week it moved into Los Angeles and New York, the country's richest markets, with the message: NATIONWIDE MORE COCA-COLA DRINKERS PREFER PEPSI THAN COKE. Anticipating the move, Coke had already launched a campaign with the theme NEW YORK PREFERS COCA-COLA TO PEPSI 2 TO 1.

The impact that the scrap is having on sales of the two soft-drink giants is so far inconclusive, and many Coke and Pepsi bottlers and some admen are upset about the battle. They worry that the confrontation will feed the public's cynicism about all advertising, attract unwanted attention from Government regulators, and sour consumer attitudes toward both drinks.

PERSONALITIES

A Dashing High-Speed U-Turn

In a country where businessmen dress discreetly, speak circumspectly and plod patiently up the executive ladder, Robert A. Lutz, the president of German Ford, cuts a rather exotic figure. He wears elegant London-made suits and colorful shirts, rides motorcycles, collects and personally restores old cars, and speaks provocatively enough to have rated a full-length interview in the May German edition of *Playboy* (sample quote: "There is nothing rational about the automobile industry. There is no other aspect of business that depends so much on psychology, prejudice and image"). Now the 44-year-old Lutz is moving into a new job: last week, he was appointed corporate vice president in charge of Ford's European truck operations. His assignment: to increase Ford's lagging share of the market.

That is exactly the kind of challenge that Lutz met and mastered when in 1974 German Ford lured him away from Bayerische Motoren Werke (BMW), where he had been sales vice president. It scarcely seemed a good time to make the move, since German Ford in 1974 lost \$69 million—while its chief rival, General Motors' Adam Opel subsidiary, squeezed out a \$24 million profit—and saw its share of the nation's auto market fall to 10%, from 14.7% in 1970.

Studies showed that many potential buyers thought Ford's cars were no longer authentically German, but were dominated by American designs and British Ford standards of quality—a disastrous combination.

Says Lutz: "Those views were always wrong, but to alter them we had to make some minor design changes and a major effort to improve our reputation." The worst problem was with the top-of-the-line Granada: sales fell from 110,677 in 1972 to 40,786 in 1974. At Lutz's insistence, the ride was hardened (Euro-

peans like "the feel of the road"), the power steering was made less sensitive and minor external styling changes eliminated the American look.

Such Germanization succeeded brilliantly. Granada sales in the first four months of 1976 ran at an annual rate of 111,000, and sales of other Ford cars are climbing too. In one of his last acts as president, Lutz announced that German Ford had earned a record \$111 million profit in 1975, Ford's share of the German market is up to 14.9% (v. Opel's 17.9%), and it should rise further in the fall with introduction of the Fiesta, a minicar that will be made in Germany, Spain and Britain to compete with Volkswagen's Rabbit and similar cars (TIME, July 12). Though planning for the Fiesta was well advanced when Lutz joined Ford, the design incorporates some of his ideas.

Despite his successes, the Swiss-born, American-educated Lutz (he spent five years as a U.S. Marine jet pilot) has always attracted as many critics as admirers. A polished multinational manager who converses with equal ease in German, French or English, he makes many colleagues feel drab and parochial. He also angers some executives by breaking ranks with the rest of the industry, as when he doubled the warranty period on German Fords to a full year with unlimited mileage. Critics cannot deny the remarkable U-turn he brought off at German Ford, but some prophecy that he will have trouble in his new truck job. "It could be his death chair," says one colleague at German Ford almost wistfully. But that seems most unlikely; Lutz's admirers are forecasting that he will become head of all Ford operations in Europe within two years.

FORD'S ROBERT A. LUTZ

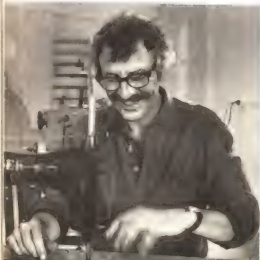




LIGHTWEIGHT SIX-PERSON TRILLIUM



EAVE TWO-MAN WITH WATERPROOF FLY



Moss the Tentmaker

A tent is a "collapsible shelter of canvas or other material stretched and sustained by poles." So says Webster's and so most people believe. Bill Moss has a broader concept. He knows that there are A-frames and O-domes and poly-domes, pup tents and pop tents, Indian tepees and Mongolian yurts, tents for dogs and campers and sheiks, tents that sag and perspire and leak, tents that infuriate. In fact Moss knows so much about the subject that even the Arabs—tent mavers from way back—may soon be living in Moss-designed, tent-like housing.

Moss, 53, does not just design tents, he creates them. There is, for example, the pop tent he conceived while working as an artist for Ford Motor Co. in 1956—a sort of mammoth umbrella that can be carried in a car, sets up in minutes and sleeps four. The pop tent became a bestseller, and Moss has been designing tents ever since. Then there is the O-dome, a 530-sq.-ft. tentlike house of plastic-coated paper he built for himself seven years ago on an island off Maine; there are now about 450 fiber-glass versions across the country. "People aren't quite sure what to call me," says Moss tentatively. "Architect? Engineer? No. I'm an artist. A tent to me is a piece of sculpture that you get into."

What camping cognoscenti like most about Moss's "creations" is that they are light, easily assembled—and do not leak. They are also extremely sturdy, deriving much of their strength from their curved surfaces—instead of from the traditional poles and tautly stretched staked-in ropes. For those hardy purist campers who relish wrestling a recalcitrant canvas and a quarrelsome tangle of ropes and poles, Moss's innovations have taken all the fun out of camping. Among the latest designs flowing from the sewing-machine lines in his Camden, Me. Tent Works, Ltd.

► The Eave Two-Man and Eave Three-Man. Rounded on top like Conestoga wagons, these tents take two minutes to erect and have withstood winds up to 80 m.p.h. No center pole or ropes are needed, and the tent breathes through a porous cloth roof protected by a waterproof "fly" that overhangs it like an eave. The three-person version weighs 6 lbs. and costs \$195.

► The Trillium. This bulbous tent sleeps six and consists of three lobes, each with its own entrance, joined in a central "common room." The Trillium weighs 13 lbs. and, like the Eave tents, is freestanding, which means it can be moved while assembled. Cost \$350.

► The Poly-Dome. Still in the testing stages, this instant plastic cottage emerges from a package 9 ft. by 2 ft. To assemble, simply unfold, push out

curved panels, zip up the roof, and in minutes you have a 110-sq.-ft. vacation home. Estimated cost \$150-\$200.

Despite his inventiveness, Moss until recently was content to license his patents the holds more than 30 to other manufacturers, who he feels sometimes did not exploit his ideas fully enough. As a result he opened Tent Works a year ago to manufacture his wares, has sold hundreds of tents, and is already expanding his production line.

He will need far greater capacity if Arab governments buy his 300-sq.-ft. tentlike shelters of stressed cotton fabric sprayed with plastic foam to make it rigid. "If I can develop and produce it for what I say I can," says Moss, "we are talking about hundreds of thousands of these structures." But Moss the tentmaker will not be fully satisfied until someone buys his favorite idea, an already tested shelter that can be rushed to earthquake- or other disaster-stricken areas. Carried over the site by a helicopter and released in mid-air, it opens like a parachute and drops softly to earth, ready for immediate occupancy.

The Electronic Disease

Model planes go catatonic in mid-flight. Automatic garage doors open mysteriously in the night. Truckers' chatter interrupts ministers' sermons over church public address systems. Traffic lights go berserk. TV pictures flutter. And a solid-state sewing machine suddenly shouts to a startled Indiana housewife the password of the invading force. "Breaker! Breaker!" These strange goings-on are caused not by UFOs or other extraterrestrial goblins, but by RFI (radio frequency interference), an electronic epidemic spread by the nation's 15 million Citizens Band radios (TIME, May 10).

The populist community of the air—using many CB sets with illegally high power output—has overflowed the banks of its 23 federally assigned channels, filling the air with errant electromagnetic waves. Complaints from TV, radio and even stereo users are flooding Federal Communications Commission offices across the land. Some vigilantes with axes and sledges have invaded base stations (home-based CB transmitters) to smash offending sets.

To forestall further violence, FCC is working to increase the number of available CB channels, while Congress is considering legislation by Ohio Representative Charles A. Vanik that would require manufacturers to install filters on all new TV and radio sets as a shield against RFI. But nature may have the last word. By 1978, increasing sunspot activity may cause atmospheric changes that could interfere with, and sometimes blot out CB transmissions.



At the 1908 Claren County Fair, the gentlemen were baffled by the women's insatiable delight in the game of Blindman's Bluff.

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

With rich Virginia flavor women like.



Fashions: Paprika by Willi Smith

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76



ROMAN POLANSKI IN *THE TENANT*

Furn. Apt. to Let

THE TENANT

Directed by ROMAN POLANSKI
Screenplay by GERARD BRACH and
ROMAN POLANSKI

Like much of Roman Polanski's work, *The Tenant* is a comedy tipped with poison. As in *Rosemary's Baby* or *Cul de Sac*, laughter comes as much from astonishment, even outrage, as it does from humor. Polanski has a car-bolic wit and discovers unplumbed depths of amusement in emotional deformity, physical abuse and psychic shock waves. If *Chinatown* found Polanski in a slightly more mellow mood—owing probably to the keyed-down romanticism of Robert Towne's screenplay—*The Tenant* shoots him right back to the center ring of his absurdist circus.

Polanski stars as his own protagonist, Trelkovsky, a slight, shy fellow with a personality like a sweaty palm. Looking around Paris for an apartment, he wanders into a building that must have been built in a state of decay. The concierge (Shelley Winters) shows him a flat whose previous occupant, a young woman, attempted suicide by jumping out of a window into the courtyard below. Trelkovsky gets his only glimpse of the girl during a visit to the hospital, where he finds her on a ward bed, wrapped in gauze like a mummy on welfare. She stares at him, at another girl (Isabelle Adjani) who is also visiting, then screams, opening her mouth and letting the sound rush out between broken teeth. She dies. Trelkovsky moves into the apartment.

He may be the resident of record, but the apartment—and the spirit of the

girl—take control of Trelkovsky. His life becomes an accumulation of odd incidents: puzzling, nasty little encounters with neighbors, episodes of bizarre mystery inside the apartment. One night he pulls a tooth from a hole in his wall. On another, he sees people standing still, staring at him for hours from the toilet facilities across the courtyard. Paranoia increases, reality slips away. Trelkovsky starts painting his nails, buys a wig, wears a dress of his predecessor that he finds hanging in the closet. He suspects a plot and expects violence.

There is never any doubt that Trelkovsky will take over not only the living quarters of the previous tenant but her fate as well. Polanski is not interested in surprise endings: those visitations across the courtyard may be predictable, but they are all the more chilling because of that.

It is hard to determine, as it often is with Polanski, what in the movie is genuinely frightening and what is just cynical. It may be that this, after all, is a separation impossible to make, and that Polanski's distinctive vision is rooted as much in glibness as in genuine darkness. *The Tenant*, then, would stand as perfect, typical Polanski, a dank joke, a nightmare in jester's dress. **Jay Cocks**

Also Ran

LOGAN'S RUN

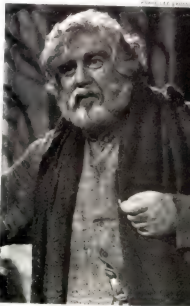
Directed by MICHAEL ANDERSON
Screenplay by DAVID ZEIG GOODMAN

In the great domed city in the year 2274, a hedonistic paradise of the young is in full swing. Anyone who reaches age 30 is in trouble: the little red jewel planted in the palm of the senior citizen's hand starts flashing, signaling that it is time to be "reborn in the fiery ritual of carrousel." This ceremony requires one to rig oneself out in long robes and a perforated plastic mask, then stand peacefully in the middle of what appears to be a centrifugal-force machine. Soon the participant starts soaring toward the top of the dome, where a glowing white stone incinerates him in mid-flight. Bodies explode in the air like percussion caps, making quick, clean flashes. The more youthful spectators clap and yell. "Renew! Renew!"

It is hard to imagine that even in such a benumbed society anyone could believe this flying flameout will guarantee a fresh start in life. Some indeed do not believe it. When their turn comes to climb aboard the carrousel, the skeptics take it on the lam, running through the innards of the domed city, scrambling madly for the "outside." Generally, however, these runners are recaptured by the Sandmen, who pack nasty ray pistols that look like the 23rd century equivalent of the electric cattle prod.

Logan's Run is a nitwit sci-fi sa about a Sandman named Logan (Michael York) who is dispatched by computer central to track down some runners who have managed to slip through security and strike out for a secret place known as "sanctuary." Logan is accompanied on his run by a comely young thing (Jenny Agutter) and sped on his way by the knowledge that computer central has mysteriously shortened his life span and has set the jewel in his palm blinking like a beacon.

Unstable Solution. The movie, slightly but affable, has some rather shortsighted social notions, and its portrayal of an oppressive future society looks no more menacing than the California beach culture run riot. Everyone is bland and pretty, decked out for pleasure in outfits that look like togas designed by Frederick's of Hollywood. The special effects are rather more elaborate, but not necessarily more convincing. When our hero and heroine encounter a cuddlesome old hermit (Peter Ustinov) living on the outside in the gutted U.S. Capitol, they seem to be trapped in some unstable photographic solution shifting in and out of focus as if the whole image were being washed around in a developing pan. The great domed city of the future is rather too obviously a model—it looks like part of an electric train set—and its main thoroughfare resembles a suburban shopping mall. Indeed, pushing their vision of the future to its limits, Director Michael Anderson and MGM actually shot these scenes on location—at a merchandise mart in Dallas. **J.C.**



PETER USTINOV IN *LOGAN'S RUN*
Cuddlesome hermit.

BECOME AN OVERPROTECTIVE PARENT.



If there's one time your children should be protected from life's hard knocks, it's when you're traveling along the highway at 55 m.p.h.

Which is why more and more thinking parents choose to travel in the security of a Volvo wagon.

Volvo has crumple zones which collapse at a predetermined rate to help absorb the impact of a collision. The passengers are surrounded by a strong, protective cage formed by box steel pillars.

Even the U.S. government is impressed by Volvo's safety characteristics. They recently bought 24 Volvos for a crash-testing program which will help establish safety standards for cars of the future.

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So when you buy a Volvo wagon, you not only get a big wagon to carry your worldly possessions.

You get a safer wagon to protect your most valuable possessions of all.

VOLVO

The car for people who think.

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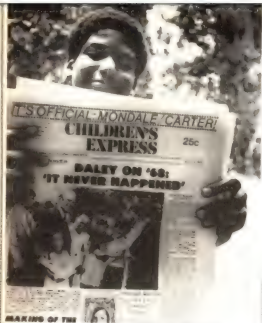
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CHILDREN'S EXPRESS REPORTER GILES

The Sidebar Convention

The candidate was not talking and his aides did not know. So the 5,500 reporters competing for scoops at the Madison Square Garden love-in were unable to find out in advance the identity of Jimmy Carter's running mate. Except for Gilbert Giles. By following up a tip from an associate of Edmund Muskie who was privy to the Maine Senator's pre-convention discussions with Carter, Giles made a shrewd guess and beat the rest of the press by a full day on the convention's one big news-break. IT'S OFFICIAL: MONDALE/CARTER' crowed the front-page headline. Explained Giles, 12, a reporter for *Children's Express*, the fledgling preteen monthly that published a special convention issue last week: "My main advantage is that adults don't think children listen or understand."

Dark Hall. Giles' adult colleagues had their share of problems in trying to bring to life a historically important but generally suspenseless convention. Some publications reduced the scale of their coverage from 1972's levels. The *New York Times*, for instance, put 15 reporters inside the hall, about half a dozen fewer than it had dispatched to Miami four years ago. *Esquire*, which in past years has recruited such literary lights as Jean Genet, Arthur Miller and William Styron to illuminate the proceedings, this time opted to leave the darkness undisturbed.

Unable to squeeze compelling copy from the desultory doings on the floor, reporters fanned out to interview delegates, their wives and children, hackles, bartenders, cloakroom attendants and even hostesses at the free convention-hall bar set up by the railroad lobby to mellow reporters. Gilbert Giles and his young colleagues at *Children's Ex-*

press were interviewed no fewer than 25 times by the convention's close. The *New York Post* devoted a column to California Governor Jerry Brown's remarks during a visit to a hamburger stand. Between 200 and 300 reporters asked for interviews with members of the Carter family. Daughter Amy was especially in demand—and not particularly enlightening. One who found out was the *Washington Post's* Sally Quinn, who has reduced formidable personages to objects of derision. "You're not very happy, are you?" Amy was asked. "No," she responded. "How come?" "Cause I don't have any friends up here." "Not anybody?" "Only Chuck." "Who's Chuck?" "My cousin." "Are you tired of being interviewed?" "Yes."

For many newsmen, the Democratic Party paled in comparison with the not-very-democratic parties that went on behind closed doors at all hours. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* front-paged a story on the revelry scene. Its major disclosure more beer and less Scotch was being offered than in 1972. Dozens of reporters on the liquid late-night beat and even some bona fide guests could not gain entry to a supper sponsored by *Rolling Stone* magazine because of unexpected crowds of gate crashers. The problem was that veteran Prankster Dick Tuck had printed thousands of counterfeit in-

itations in *Reliable Source*, an irreverent daily tabloid that he published during the convention.

Cliches rained on Manhattan like snot. "It's a star-spangled, sentimental, flag-waving, all-American fete," gushed the *Atlanta Constitution*. Of the million or so words filed daily by the desperate press, roughly half must have been variations of the word peanut. The *Boston Globe* captioned a picture of a delegate holding a large reproduction of a goober: "She's nuts about Jimmy Carter."

Gag Rule. The convention was not without its important stories: the vice-presidential selection, the unprecedented prominence of blacks, the sudden onset of party unity, the future direction of Carter's campaign. "A prime-time bore?" asked Columnist David Broder. "Baloney. For those who have a sense of history, this has to be a fascinating moment." Columnists even found aspects of the convention to abhor, notably the Carter forces' suppression of dissent. Fumed Mary McGrory: "It is a shocking thing for the Democratic Committee to adopt a gag rule."

Still, the lack of overt drama in the official proceedings forced editors to give prominent space to offbeat and sometimes irrelevant sidebars. The *Atlanta Constitution* ran an account by Columnist Celestine Sibley of how she breezed

NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

The Pushy Guest in the Hall Takes Over

Television has no duty to make a convention more interesting than it really is. Eric Sevareid philosophized on the air one dull evening last week. His boss, Dick Salant, president of CBS News, had already said precisely that in his instructions to CBS's sizable army of anchor men, cameramen, and floor reporters wearing pointy-headed antennas. Good professional counsel by both men, but hardly how the networks, in their commercial heart of hearts, felt about it.

For the only real contest at the convention—the only passionate one involving money, reputation and suspense—was between two closely matched news organizations, NBC and CBS (ABC, listening to its own mercenary heart, looked in at the convention from time to time, but preferred to play hooky with the likes of the All-Star game and thereby gained in the ratings). So much future prestige and so many advertising dollars were at stake that NBC, for example, is spending close to \$10 million on the two conventions. That's a lot more than either party is spending on them. The result was a little bit like a state fair photographed, choreographed

and given pace by these professionals up in their glass anchor booths.

Not that the politicians didn't try to put on a good television show—shortening the speeches, banning parades. So bulky was the television camera platform in the center of the hall that the best seat was in anybody's home; any delegate whose podium view wasn't blocked by the camera platform found it blocked by the restless aisle parade of guards, guards and reporters. Chairman Robert Strauss did everything for TV except drop a handkerchief every few minutes to signal a commercial time out.

Even so, the lordly fellows in the booths turned away from the platform at will, as usual feeling no need to carry every second speech or prayer. They might announce "gavel to gavel" coverage, but they felt free to ram in all those commercials or just to chat on-camera. Television, once the pushy guest in the hall, has taken over. Such a development used to disturb political scientists, who remember how influential was television's 1968 crosscutting between demonstrators outside and an ap-

Reliable Source



INVIATION COUNTERFEITER DICK TUCK
More beer, less Scotch.

by security guards all over town by pinning on her raincoat an old laundry ticket that only faintly resembled an official convention pass Chicago *Daily News* Columnist Mike Royko caught up with Carter's younger brother Billy, 39, in a hotel corridor and found out where he had been spending his time. "You know they got a law here that says the bars can't open until 9 in the morning,"

said Billy. "But I found a place that will let me in at 7:30."

In the search for sidebars, the convention was nearly upstaged by Convention City Atlanta *Journal* Editor Jack Spalding used his front page to tell readers back home in the Big Peach how friendly he found the natives. "New York City wants to be part of us," he announced. One of Philadelphia *Inquirer* Editor Creed Black's first convention stories was a combination Manhattan travelogue, pub-crawl diary and first-person account of how he came to spend \$21 for a hamburger (*prix fixe* at the 21 Club, where he also got an appetizer, soup and dessert).

Analytical Pieces. Sidebars may fall by the wayside when the nation's press descends on Kansas City next month to watch the still-divided Republicans. But some journalists think that the shape of convention coverage may have been changed for good. "We're realizing something that we should have known before, that television does the running story better than we ever could," says San Francisco *Examiner* Editor Reg Murphy. The Detroit *News* will start turning out sidebars a week before the convention. The Boston *Globe* plans to downplay its daily running story in favor of more analytical pieces. Other publications next month will be looking for ways to follow up on the lessons they learned at the Garden: coverage of a dull convention need not be dull.

oplectic Mayor Daley inside. This time television was guilty of only minor attempts at hype ("TV reporter to a Carter man: 'How can you now ignore Barbara Jordan for Vice President?'). There is something about encasing reporters in head rigs connected to the anchor booth, then sending them pushing through crowded aisles in pursuit of quickie interviews, that is a degrading process, bringing out whatever is unappealingly aggressive in anyone.

Some critics have argued that television has a duty, instead, to focus relentlessly on the podium, or else be guilty of misrepresenting the event. Television properly replies that speeches are only one facet of a convention, and refuses to cover the ceremonies with the hushed reverence of the *NBC* covering a coronation. Other critics contend that this great political rite should not reach the public filtered through rival network superstars. But men like the lone Cronkite, or Chancellor Brinkley (who make a better matched pair than did the earlier Huntley/Brinkley), show a welcome lack of showboating. When one *NBC* reporter, on turning the mike back to Chancellor, said, "Happy birthday," Chancellor cut him off with a brusque "Stick to reporting, Oliver."

But the old question of whether or

not television brings you the "reality" of a convention is now academic and irrelevant. Television is part of the reality. It is not so much a witness as a participant in the process. In one of those eccentric evolutions so characteristic of American politics, the national convention, which has seemed in danger of becoming as anachronistic as the Electoral College, has now evolved into something else. A convention no longer takes place in a hall, it happens in a wired convention city. The action on the floor often only ratifies decisions taken offstage, with television cameras on hand to make the action public. And the final apotheosis of a convention is now a televised spectacular. "Meet Your Next President." Television and the political party are thus engaged in a reluctant arms-length collaboration that exemplifies television's odd split personality, combining private enterprise and public service. Television begins the week as a persistent inquisitor and ends up as the patient conduit of a celebration. As solutions go, this one is ramshackle, Rube Goldbergishly American, but has its merits. The print journalists, though second-class citizens on the sidelines, are the true independents who give the convention whatever coherence and reflectiveness it gets.

SPECIAL REPORTS

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Phoenix in Venice

Probably no one will remember the mid-'70s as a great moment in the making of modern art. But there is a great crisis in our ideas about it, and that crisis is the content of the 1976 Venice Biennale, which opened to the public last week. We know the pieties—that the avant-garde is embattled, that culture transcends politics, that abstract art speaks a language uncontaminated by ideology, that modernism somehow makes us free. Throughout the '50s and early '60s, the Biennale—that sprawl of art exhibitions devoted to the newest of the new, held every two years in a cluster of national pavilions beside the oily green waters of St. Mark's basin—was the symbol of that creed. In 1976 it is otherwise.

Mythic Purity. The purpose of the festival—if one can generalize about this mass of dozens of exhibitions containing thousands of pieces, documents and photos—is to inspect and debate the mythic purity of modern art, to see how it really has worked in society and not just how it hoped to work. Ten years ago, anyone who argued that the Bauhaus tradition of functionalist design might suit the totalitarian spirit would have been dismissed as a loon. The main architecture show in Venice this year, a fascinating assembly called "Rationalism and Architecture in Italy During the Fascist Regime," irrefutably demonstrates how it could and did. Likewise, we suppose that the "advanced" movements in Spanish art during the past 40 years must have threatened Franco's commissars. But a historical show entitled "Spain, Artistic Avant-Garde and Social Reality 1936-76," suggests that it was otherwise, that after the moment of heroic protest symbolized by Picasso's *Guernica*, the regime itself started to exploit, for its own benefit, the

success of the Spanish avant-garde.

After the Biennales of the '50s and '60s, such self-questioning enterprises may strike the visitor as strange. But the shift had to come. The Venice Biennale is the oldest of modern art festivals (it started in 1895), but by the mid-'60s it had degenerated into a trade fair, riddled with favoritism and lobbying. The prize system came under attack for setting artists against each other like cocks in a pit and serving only the dealers' interests. None of the slightly tacky glamour of the Biennale, with its conspiratorial gossip, could restore its lost prestige. Even the system of national exhibitions, organized by the cultural attaches of the world, took on a form of threadbare officialism. In 1968 the prizes were abandoned, but Italian students, demonstrating against "cultural imperialism," almost closed the Biennale. Then, woefully unsure of itself, the festival staggered toward its demise. In 1974 none was held.

The 1976 version is an irritable phoenix, and the most interesting Biennale in a dozen years—thanks to rethinking and changes in structure. The role of the national pavilions has been played down. There are more survey shows with an overriding sociological emphasis. There are no prizes, but plenty of *mea culpas*. As one of the international commissioners, Tommaso Trini, remarks in the catalogue, the original use of the Biennale has evaporated. "In the last 20 years avant-garde art has ended up by establishing another tradition, with its own economic power, its own Mafia, its own conservative tendencies, and hence the end of its innovative experimental aims."

So this year, it is a didactic festival. The announced theme is *ambiente*—environment—meaning, among other things, the way in which fixed social contexts affect our reading of images.

BIENNALE VISITORS CONTEMPLATE TUTTLE'S "PORTRAIT OF MARCIA TUCKER"



ART

The Biennale's centerpiece is a particularly good one organized by the Italian critic Germano Celini "Ambient Art," an astutely chosen selection of room-sized, environmental sculptures and murals by artists through the past 50 years. These document the recurrent desire of modern art to escape its role as commodity by becoming too big to be traded—to grow out of the picture frame and spread through a real, architectural space. There are reconstructions of such lost classics as Piet Mondrian's spartan *Salon of Madam B*. The list of artists continues through the futurists, dadaists and surrealists to such present-day figures as Robert Irwin and Mario Merz.

Tower of Babel. The largest single show, however, lies on the other side of Venice in the cavernous, abandoned spaces of the naval shipyard on the Giudecca—a vast potpourri of work by some 80 artists, entitled "International Events, 1972-1976." Every style in the lexicon is there, from earth art projects to nudes; this is Venice's Tower of Babel, a demotic monument to what would have seemed, in formalist eyes, an intolerable permissiveness. One passes from official Marxist history painting like Renato Guttuso's *Funeral of Palmiro Togliatti* to the horrifying sexual tableaux of America's Ed Kienholz, and back to Alan Shields' jungle-like "tropical play shelter," without worrying much about the clamor. Half the show may be rubbish. The rest is a salon exhibition in new garb. But at least it is more open than the old Biennales, and its messy vitality is not to be ignored.

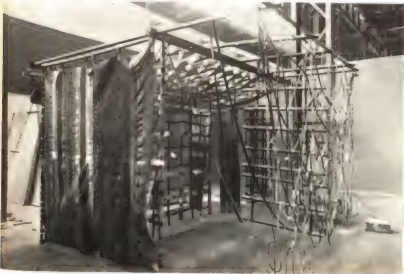
The same does not hold true in the gardens, where the national pavilion shows are. The outstanding piece there is by England's Richard Long, an earthwork artist. It is an angular spiral winding through the whole pavilion, traced in several hundred lumps of red limestone taken from a quarry in Verona and laid

on the floor. It is an unexpectedly moving work, a metaphor of landscape done with elegant economy and, oddly enough in view of its material, as unaggressive as any English watercolor.

The U.S. exhibition is a disappointment. Entitled "Critical Perspectives in American Art," it was originally organized at the University of Massachusetts as a small show of work by 15 living U.S. artists. There are a few good things in it, notably a Robert Motherwell entitled *In Plato's Cave I*, an exquisitely subtle geometrical painting by Agnes Martin, and some sculptures by Joel Shapiro and H.C. Estermann. But the art has been jammed into a Procrustean set of categories—"cultural irony," "narrative art," "objecthood" and so on. It all comes out looking pedagogical and unreal. To read Art Historian Sam Hunter laboring to convince himself and others that Andy Warhol (represented here by one 14-year-old painting) is really a narrative artist, although "nothing actually happens in the sense of conventional storytelling," is to witness one of the finer absurdities of recent writing on art.

As for "cultural irony," the best example of it is unconscious. It takes the form of a stick of unpainted wood, three-quarters of an inch square and about four inches long, glued to an otherwise white, empty wall in the U.S. pavilion and entitled *Portrait of Marcia Tucker*, 1976. It was made, if that is the word, by a 34-year-old New York artist named Richard Tuttle. Here, apparently, is the end of the American cultural imperialism that has been such a topic of recent discussion in the art world; the work evaporated completely, nothing to look at, only the support system—a white wall, a catalogue, an official role and the usual supporting grants—the last move in the institutional avant-garde game. **Robert Hughes**

EXHIBITION OF "EVENTS" FEATURES ALAN SHIELDS' "TROPICAL PLAY SHELTER"



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"In this country they have Father's Day and Mother's Day, and they might as well have a Guru's Day," said the small, closely cropped Indian dressed in a red wool ski hat, red silk robes and red knee socks. He was himself a notable guru, Muktananda Paramahansa. So last week at a secluded retreat that was once a Catskill Mountains resort hotel in upstate New York, more than 2,000 followers staged a day-long celebration in honor of the man they consider a saint.

There were prayer sessions from which rose chants of Sanskrit verses. Then the blue lights in the meditation hall dimmed, and the faithful swayed rhythmically to and fro. Finally, Muktananda proclaimed (in Hindi, a Hindi dialect), "Now is the auspicious hour of

the auspicious day. The sun and moon are strong." That heralded the main event: the marriage of 16 couples, the women in saris, with garlands of flowers. The guru, who is licensed to perform weddings as a minister in an ordination mill called the Universal Life Church, blessed the rings and said, "May you live together in love."

Muktananda, 68, known to his followers as Baba (father), is America's newest fashionable guru. With 62 centers in North America besides the Catskills ashram, he has attracted more than 20,000 devotees since his arrival in 1974. He has also received respectful visits from such celebrities as California Governor Jerry Brown, Singers James Taylor and Carly Simon, Anthropologist Carlos Castaneda and Astronaut Edgar Mitchell. At home in India, too, he has a considerable following. There are centers of his disciples all over the subcontinent. He will return there this fall in a chartered Air India 747, together with 400 American devotees and a pet bull terrier. But this is undoubtedly not his last sojourn in the U.S. Says the guru "Americans are good, loving and affectionate, law-abiding and disciplined. They have everything material, now they are searching for and deserve to find true happiness." Americans who encounter the guru return the compliment. Says Joy Anderson, a former dancer who now runs the Catskills ashram with her husband: "He is the perfect guru for the West. We expect when we put something in to get something out—like instant coffee—and from Baba you get instant experience."

The principles of Muktananda's teachings are traditionally Hindu: "Meditate on yourself. Honor and worship your own inner being. God dwells within you as you." But whereas most

gurus lead their disciples through a slow evolutionary process, Muktananda transmits shakti—energy or elemental force—in one two-day ritual of teaching and meditation called an "intensive" (fee, plus modest room and board: \$100). In the climactic moment, the guru places his fingers on the disciple's closed eyes and gently pushes the head back and forth. The disciple is then supposed to feel the power flowing into him as if by an electric charge. Some people say they have experienced flashing lights, visions, ethereal sounds, and even, among women, orgasm.

Molten Gold. Muktananda had much the same experience himself when he was initiated by his teacher Nityananda in 1947. Inspired at the age of 15 by his first encounter with the man, he left his home in southern India to seek out various sages and swamis. Twenty-five years later he found Nityananda again. "His eyes, wide open, were gazing straight into mine. I was dazed. I could not close my eyes. I had lost all power of volition. I saw a ray of light entering me from his pupils. It felt hot, like burning fever. Its color kept changing from molten gold to saffron to a shade deeper than the blue of a shining star. I stood utterly transfixed."

The suppliants who look to Baba Muktananda for such experiences are generally older than those who follow some other gurus, and they include a high proportion of professionals: lawyers, actors, educators and a surprising number of psychologists. Attorney Ron Friedland, 35, is recuperating from a heart attack. During his convalescence, he says, he learned that "if you have taken all there is to take out of a career, and there is nothing more to aspire to, then you know you only have one-third of the pie—even if it's the fattest, richest third." Jerry Bender, 38, was making \$50,000 a year in Los Angeles as the chairman of two small film corporations when he began to feel unhappy about his high-pressure existence. "Now," he says of his sojourn at the ashram, "I'm in love for the first time in my life. I'm in love with life. Before this I was in business. Today I am more creative. When I go back to my business, I'll probably earn \$200,000 a year."

Says Russell Kruckman, who once taught literature at Northwestern: "I don't think people come here looking for a religion. What they come for is an experience that will give meaning and substance to their lives. You don't have to believe or profess anything to be a follower of Baba. We don't become Hindus. People get whatever it is they get from Baba, and their lives are changed."

Sometimes the changes are small indeed. A number of disciples report having donated a pack of cigarettes to the guru and thereby been freed from the de-

BABA MUKTANANDA PARAMAHANSA



SWAMI PERFORMS MULTIPLE WEDDINGS IN MEDITATION HALL IN THE CATSKILLS



sire to smoke (others, even after the guru has touched them with his sheaf of peacock feathers, still sneak out of the ashram for a quick puff). But many testify that the guru has genuinely helped them to cast off "negative emotions" and achieve a certain tranquility. Says Mukatananda of his own mysterious powers: "I am however you see me. If you see me as a saint, I am a saint. If you see me as a fool, I am a fool. If you see me as an ordinary man, I am an ordinary man." Asked how he sees himself, he answers: "I see myself as myself."

Fervor and Froth

What event could be so important that Jimmy Carter's sister and George Wallace's wife would take a day away from the Democratic National Convention to visit Atlantic City? Answer: the Christian Booksellers Association convention, biggest of the religious-publishing trade shows. While Ruth Carter Stapleton, Cornelia Wallace and other best-selling authors last week met the people who sell their books, money-changers in some of the 263 booths were offering mawkish, illuminated paintings of Jesus. T-shirts that proclaim **HE IS RISEN, PRAISE THE LORD** paper napkins and **LAST JUDGMENT AT HAND** bumper stickers. At convention concerts, Gospel crooners sang and spoke of their conversion from sin.

With its sometimes strange mix of piety and commerce, the C.B.A. meeting is the central show of a big business that reflects the shift toward Evangelicalism throughout U.S. religion. The 2,100 C.B.A. stores, which emphasize Evangelical works, grossed \$303 million last year and should reach \$350 million to \$375 million for 1976, estimates John Bass, 50, the able Presbyterian who runs the C.B.A. When Bass first began com-

ing to the conventions, they were populated largely by folks in their 50s who ran dusty little Mom-and-Pop Bible stores. Religion bookshops nowadays are bigger, better located and reaching many more customers. According to the association's ad-fat monthly, almost 50 titles now on the market have sold 1 million copies, and hundreds every year pass 100,000—substantially more than the average novel on newspaper best-seller lists.

By 1988, the current champion author is Billy Graham, whose most recent book, *Angels*, has sold a phenomenal 1.4 million copies in hard-cover. While Preacher Graham helps a secular publisher (Doubleday) hit the Evangelical market, Jimmy Carter and Johnny Cash have turned to Evangelical houses to print their autobiographies (*Why Not the Best?* and *Man in Black*). Many best-selling authors, though, are virtually unknown outside the Evangelical circuit. Hal Lindsey, a onetime Jesus Movement leader, has sold more than 15 million books since 1970. His favorite theme: interpretation of Bible prophecies to prove that Jesus will soon return, most likely by 1988. Some best-selling writers in this field are admitted amateurs. "I'm not a writer at all. I could hardly write a letter home," says Marabel Morgan, eyelashes afilute. Nonetheless, her piously erotic *Total Woman* has reached 600,000 sales in hard-cover, 3 million in paperback.

Fleming H. Revell Co. of Old Tappan, N.J., one of the many successful publishers fervently committed to Evangelicalism, took a gamble on Morgan but it is marketing a predictable best-seller in Charles Colson's up-from-Watergate saga *Born Again* (both authors made strategic appearances at the Atlantic City convention). Like Revell, Zondervan of Grand Rapids, another

ILLUSTRATION BY MARCO



STAPLETON AUTOGRAPHING BOOK
T-shirts say: He Is Risen.

long-established Evangelical house, has grown rapidly—from sales of \$6 million in 1970 to \$30 million this year. Other firms founded in recent years have done equally well.

No wonder secular companies are starting religious book houses. Boasts the catalogue of one of the newest: "You can rely on Master's Press being a Conservative Evangelical publisher." The most popular books are also relentlessly upbeat and inspirational, promoting personal experiences and fulfillment, not dry doctrine. And their quality? Even Booster Bass, taking a brief break during his exposition, admitted: "There's a lot of froth coming off the presses."

Died. Ted Mack, 72, genial, soft-spoken host of television's *Original Amateur Hour* of cancer, in North Tarrytown, N.Y. A bandleader in the 1920s, he started as talent scout for the radio version of the *Amateur Hour* in 1935, serving its late (1946) legendary M.C. Major Edward Bowes. *Amateur Hour* went on TV in 1948, and Mack ran the show until it died because of poor ratings in 1970. Among the future stars the show presented: Beverly Sills, Maria Callas, Ann-Margret, Pat Boone, and a skinny New Jersey kid named Frank Sinatra. Mack missed a couple: he rejected Elvis Presley and Tiny Tim. "Perhaps there was too much pelvis in Elvis," he explained, "and we're not the only ones to have said no to Tiny Tim."

Died. James Wong Howe, 76, Oscar-winning cinematographer (for *The Rose Tattoo*, 1955, and *Hud*, 1963), af-

ter a long illness, in Hollywood. Born in China and named Wong Tung Jim, the diminutive (5 ft.) Howe was so harassed by his Paseo, Wash., schoolmates that he became a professional prizefighter. Seeing a Mack Sennett comedy being filmed in the streets, he asked for a job as cameraman but was rejected as too small for heavy equipment; he eventually caught on as assistant to Cecil B. DeMille. Noted for his constant efforts to achieve realism, Howe once filmed John Garfield's boxing scenes in *Body and Soul* by donning roller skates and darting around the ring for closeup shots.

Died. Paul Gallico, 78, sports writer turned sentimental tale spinner, of a heart attack, in Monaco. Sports editor and columnist at the *New York Daily News* from 1924 to 1936, Gallico pioneered what is now known as the Plimpton Ploy: swimming against Johnny

Weissmuller, boxing a round with Jack Dempsey ("I knew all there was to know about being hit"). Gallico quit the *News* in 1936 and wrote *Farewell to Sport*, the first of 41 books, many of them best-sellers. Among his most popular novels: *The Snow Goose* (1941), *Mrs. Arvis Goes to Paris* (1958), *The Poseidon Adventure* (1969).

Died. Charles Ritz, 84, trim, soldierly chairman of the original Ritz Hotel on Paris' Place Vendôme, in Paris. "Personal attention to the guest is everything," said Ritz, son of the hotel's founder. "I myself, to be friendly, send each guest a bottle of champagne and my card when he checks in." Fly-fishing was his avocation, and he spent much of his time angling in the streams of the world. His 1959 book *A Fly Fisher's Life* boasted an introduction by his friend and frequent customer Ernest Hemingway.



GREEKS MASSACRED AT CHIOS—ALSO BAGS OF EARS, PYRAMIDS OF HEADS



BYRON DRESSED IN AN ALBANIAN COSTUME

Muddle at Missolonghi

THE GREEK ADVENTURE

by DAVID HOWARTH

253 pages. Atheneum, \$10.

Byron had visited Greece before, so he presumably knew that changes had occurred there since the time of Pericles. But his mistress in Genoa screamed too much, and bored him. Perhaps being Byron bored him too.

Other European volunteers in the Greek war of independence knew the splendor of their own certitudes, but they did not know how or why war was fought in this often grubby and backward land that they honored as the cradle of Western civilization. And, of course, they did not know how to speak modern Greek. But they went anyway, intending to help the gallant Hellenes free themselves from the corrupt and perfumed tyranny (actually a rather benign rule) of the Turkish Sultan.

Turkish Yoke. The volunteers were of several sorts. The first, writes David Howarth in this wry and lively short history, consisted of officers left over from the Napoleonic wars of the previous decade. Each had at least one fine uniform, one sword and a brace of pistols. A few were what they said they had been; others actually had fought at grades several degrees below their announced ranks. A large number were simply counterfeit, like the Italian named Tassi, who said he had been Napoleon's engineer in chief but who confessed, when it became explosively clear he did not know how to handle artillery, that he was really a bankrupt saddler from Smyrna. Such

magnificoes were very proud. Howarth relates, and they fought a great number of duels among themselves over matters of military precedence. Otherwise, there being no army for them to lead, they did little damage—even to the Turks.

The remaining volunteers were "philhellenes," or friends of Greece, most of them luckless university students from Germany, Poland, Switzerland or England who had taken the idealism of their Greek literature professors too much to heart. When they began to reach Greece by the dozens and then by the hundreds, they learned that no one knew they were coming, and no one wanted them. Devout Orthodox villagers, furthermore, did not share their reverence for the philosophers of the Golden Age, whom Eastern Christians abhorred as pagans. There was nothing for the philhellenes to do except flounder about and die. Enough did so that the great powers became queasy: all ports of embarkation to Greece, except Marseille, were soon closed to the student crusaders.

Greeks who lived in Western Europe had conceived the notion of throwing off the Turkish yoke and unifying their country as a sovereign nation. However fashionable in Paris and London, this was an alien idea in Greece, incomprehensible to the wild tribesmen who actually lived there. When unorganized slaughter of Turkish citizens began in 1821, partly as the result of agitation by the expatriates, Greek fighting forces consisted mostly of mutually hostile guerrilla bands. Their chiefs fought, looted, connived, ran away or made peace separately, as they had al-

ways done, without regard to Western ideas of patriotism or military strategy. When Turks killed the rebellious brigands, they sent bags of ears back to the Sultan. When the Greeks won, they made pyramids of human heads.

Victories were trumpeted whenever a rifle was discharged. The London press reported triumphs on the order of Salamis and Marathon. Proclamations and constitutions also were reported, issued by competing delegations of penitents and powerless clerks, who scuttled about the countryside in city clothes and called themselves governments.

Ten Swords. Into this yeasty confusion Byron injected himself at the request of English philhellenes—as Howarth puts it, a "shrivelled, dyspeptic, doom-ridden little man" of 36, forlornly in love with his page. He had no military experience, but he had equipped himself with gold, scarlet and green uniforms and at least ten swords. He was courted ardently by all of the Greek factions, not because he was a great poet or an English lord, Howarth writes, and certainly not because he seemed to have some notion of leading the Greeks in battle, but because he had brought with him £9,000 in cash. It appears to have been the only ready money in Greece.

Byron died in 1824 of a fever, on a mud flat called Missolonghi, before he could do any fighting but not before most of his treasure had disappeared. His death, otherwise futile, stimulated English interest in the war. Two large bond issues were floated to help the Greeks, the proceeds of which were embezzled in London and stolen in Greece.

The effective end of this war of mud-

dle and misconception came in 1827, by mistake, when a small English and French peace-keeping fleet aroused the suspicion of a large Turkish fleet at Navarino. The Turks, who had never learned gunnery, opened fire. They were cut to pieces, and the Sultan's domination came to an end. Author Howarth, an English naval historian (*Trafalgar: The Nelson Touch*), writes of it all wonderingly, although not flippantly. His book is good mean fun for readers who are tired of the posturings of warriors and statesmen—then or now. **John Skow**

Notable

NIGHTSHADE

by DEREK MARLOWE

192 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

At last, a modern novel more or less about abstinence. *Nightshade's* protagonist, Edward Lytton, is 40, devoutly Catholic and astonishingly, since he is four years married, a virgin. He does not mind his asexual life, indeed, he is so Victorian that he can barely imagine any other. Alas, his unfulfilled young

ish Author Derek Marlowe, best known for *A Dandy in Aspic*, pits Lytton's prim England against sensual Haiti, Catholicism against voodooism, the terrors of a feverish imagination against the banality of a tourist's experience. What starts out as a thin, sinister tale ends as a psychological chiller finely wrought for any season.

KING AND JOKER

by PETER DICKINSON

222 pages. Pantheon. \$6.95.

The works of British Mystery Writer Peter Dickinson are like caviar—an acquired taste that can easily lead to addiction. Dickinson, an ex-editor of *Punch*, does not make much of the process of detection, nor does he specialize in suspense. Instead, he neatly packs his books with such old-fashioned virtues as mood, character and research. *The Poison Oracle* (1974) is a good example. Set in an imaginary Arab kingdom, it delves into cultural anthropology (desert v. marsh Arabs) as well as fashionable psycholinguistics (in this case, how man communicates with chimpanzee). There is a murder, to be sure, whose only witness naturally turns out to be, yes, a talkative chimpanzee.

In *King and Joker*, Dickinson's subject is the British royal family. Not the actual one, but another that the author invents, complete with idiosyncratic antecedents going back to Queen Victoria. King Victor II, a frustrated M.D., is on the throne. Married to Isabella of Spain, father of Prince Albert and Princess Louise, he lives in Buckingham Palace, where a practical joker is at work. The jokes seem harmless at first: a toad is placed on a covered plate for the King's breakfast (when the butler sees it, he faints). Then the jokes get nastier, ending in two murders.

These goings-on are seen through the eyes of Princess Louise, a beguiling lass of 13 who does not like what she calls the "business of princessing." As she tries to discover the joker's identity, she learns a good deal about herself and her family. They have kept many secrets—human flaws and royal affairs alike—from the public. Dickinson's easygoing wit pervades the book. When Princess Louise is shocked to learn that the original go-between who arranged her father's marriage was a nun, the King replies: "She's a very good woman with a real gift for intrigue. If they'd any sense they'd make her a cardinal."

PAPA: A PERSONAL MEMOIR

by GREGORY H. HEMINGWAY, M.D.

119 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50.

This bestselling memoir by Ernest Hemingway's youngest son Gregory is a bitter jumble of unsorted resentments and anguished love. It is hard to know how much weight to give these recollections because the author gives little glimpse of his own adult self. His fa-

ther's four marriages were "emotional catastrophes"; his mother Pauline (Ernest's second wife) ignored him when he was small. But who says so? A steady, reasonable man? An injustice collector? One of life's unconsolables?

"In his youth," writes this wounded son, "my father was not a bully, a sick bore, or a professional celebrity... the man I remembered was kind, gentle, elemental in his vastness, tormented beyond endurance." It is a strange defense that the younger Hemingway makes, more desperate even than his father's messy last years seem to warrant. Of course it is hard to see a father grow old and fat and futile, and Gregory Hemingway's father, during the 1930s when the boy was little, had been an authentic hero. He was handsome, strong, renowned as a writer. He was a loving companion who taught Gregory to be a champion wing shot and a powerful protector who once showed great courage in rescuing the boy from sharks. By the time Gregory was old enough to test his own manhood against the patriarch (he became a relentless hunter and admits with jocular bad taste to some fairly specific Oedipal whims concerning his father's last two wives), Ernest had become far too vulnerable. Now, with the father-son contest unresolved, the father needed protecting. The son felt confused and bitter: come back, Daddy, and fight like a man!

Self-Pity. Gregory writes of Hemingway's funeral that "hundreds of telegrams of condolence came in from all over the world, but only a small number of people actually showed up. There weren't too many really good friends left." This is vicarious self-pity; the funeral was in Ketchum, Idaho, one of the most isolated spots on the continent, and a willingness to travel there to hear words spoken over a dead man is a poor test of friendship. The painful, touching book in which this churlishness is expressed proves, as other writings have proved, that Hemingway is one of those artists not well served by biography. Better to read *A Farewell to Arms* again.

GREGORY, PAPA & TROPHY, 1941



wife Amy is not resigned to her condition. She indulges in "fantasies of liquid the color of magenta, a pomegranate redness, viscous to the touch, so that one has to lick it dry." Poor Edward is clearly in trouble.

Most of it occurs in Haiti, where Edward hopes to make them "best friends" again after Amy has an affair with her libertine half sister Blanche. A mysterious stranger appears and reappears. Amy begins to act strange, as if she possesses some important secret. Edward begins to spot possible hints of new infidelity everywhere—in a faint whiff of cigarette smoke, a footprint, a random passage from a book.

The prose crackles with innuendo as the plot quickly becomes as complicated as Edward's mind—and as haunted by ghosts and obsessions. Brit-

Sweathog Heartthrob

The matinee audience for *Bus Stop* at the Lakewood, Me., summer theater consisted mostly of thick-thighed teenagers with braces on their teeth. For the first 20 minutes of the play they sat clutching each other, ecstatic with anticipation. Then the star of the show loped onstage, wearing skintight jeans and a white sombrero. "My name is Bo Decker and I'm 21 years old," he cried. "Everywhere I go I got all the women." The audience squealed.

The actor's name is John Travolta.

Travolta's approach to his career, however, is very much his own. Despite his youth, he has been acting for ten years. Unlike Winkler, he does not spend his energies talking about the Yale Drama School or other heavy topics. Instead, he has shrewdly consolidated his reputation by recording a bland rock album tailored to subteens. *Let Her In*, Travolta's biggest hit on the album, is now No. 5 on the *Cashbox* charts.

The urge to perform runs in the Travolta family. John's mother, Helen Burke, an actress in Englewood, N.J., urged all her six children to take part in local theater. As the baby of the family, John had many acts to follow. At age seven, he flew around the country with his sister Ellen in a road show of *Gypsy* and at twelve acted in his first amateur production. Recalls Travolta: "That world of airplanes and theaters seemed my only route to freedom." At 16, he quit school and began working in dinner theaters and summer stock. Looking back now he muses: "How do you go back to school and make anybody understand how it was to be with those theater people watching the sun come up over cigarettes and glasses of wine?"

Public Maulings. The days of free-and-easy anonymity are over for Travolta. On his *Bus Stop* tour he lives like a recluse in his dressing room. The last time he tried to take a date to a disco, the place was overrun. "I don't think any girl could take my schedule now," he says, quite accurately, and claims to have no steady girl friend. He was mobbed by 5,000 fans at a Cleveland record store recently. At the world's largest indoor shopping mall at Schaumburg, Ill., outside Chicago, an estimated 30,000 engulfed him.

Along with public maulings, the role of Vinnie Barbarino has brought Travolta some half-million dollars this year. He is also acquiring such star trappings as a 1955 Thunderbird—a collector's item—and his own single-engine Aircopter. He has moved out of the family house in Englewood to a high-rise in West Hollywood. He likes slipping into his wise cracking, tough-tender role. The macho act comes easier to Vinnie than it did to John in his high school days. But now he poses for beefcake shots in the teen mags and answers the fans' letters (*Q*: What kind of girl does Johnny like? *A*: The enthusiastic type). He is shrewd enough to know how fickle his fans can be. The time will come to move on or join the Partridge Family in oblivion. He has finished shooting a film called *Carrie*, about a high school girl

with psychic powers. His problem at the moment is a scheduling conflict that could keep him from making a Paramount movie called *Days of Heaven* with hot young Director Terrence Malik (*Badlands*). "It's a mess," says John, who is supposed to shoot a Sweathog Christmas special at the same time. "That part is James Dean's *East of Eden* and Warren Beatty's *Splendor in the Grass*." He would be very sorry to lose it, but it wouldn't be the end of his young world. As he says with his Vinnie Barbarino swagger: "When your batting average is as good as mine, there's nothing to be really nervous about."

Entebbe Derby

The scenario might go like this: a hostage who looks amazingly like Shelley Winters searches the sky above Entebbe Airport. "Only a miracle can save us," she says, "and miracles only happen in the Bible." Cut to a tough, determined James Caan briefing his men for the rescue. "Our mission," he intones, "is impossible. But we dare not fail."

Hollywood is sky-high over the Israeli rescue of 104 hostages at Entebbe Airport in Uganda. "The mission reads like a movie script," rejoiced MCA President Sidney Sheinberg. Thus, only 72 hours after the commandos struck, the studios were plotting missions of their own—to see which would be the first on-screen with a film version. At Sheinberg's Universal Studio, where action and disaster epics (*Earthquake*, *Midway* and *Airport*) are house specialties, Producer-Director George Roy Hill is casting *Rescue at Entebbe*. Over at Paramount, Paddy Chayefsky has been signed to write the script for *90 Minutes at Entebbe*, to be directed by Sidney Lumet. Independent Producer Elliott Kastner, meanwhile, is making *Assault on Entebbe* by revising a script he already had about an Arab-Israeli confrontation. Says a Kastner staffer: "We're ahead and can have the first picture out." But not if 20th Century-Fox rushes into production with its made-for-television film, *Mission to Uganda*.

Rescue Derring-Do. Not every studio has joined the race to Entebbe. Says United Artists Production Boss Michael Medavoy: "I have serious reservations about capitalizing on a news story like that. It cheapens everybody." That criticism notwithstanding, at least one project offers hope of exceptional accuracy: Merv Griffin Productions' *Odyssey of 139*, which will focus on the ordeal of the hostages rather than the derring-do of the rescue. Reason: Griffin President Murray Schwartz was aboard the hijacked plane and was among the group of hostages released prior to the Israeli rescue mission.



TEEN-AGE IDOL JOHN TRAVOLTA TAKES HIS EASE
"Everywhere I go I got all the women."

He is 22, and seems to be the successor to David Cassidy and Donnie and Marie Osmond in the hearts of the eleven- to 15-year-old crowd. Taking Don Murray's old role in *Bus Stop* is just a passing thing for him. Travolta is best known as Vinnie Barbarino, the tough, macho "Sweathog" in ABC's hit series *Welcome Back, Kotter*. The show is an updated version of *Happy Days*, a genial exercise in instant nostalgia, and Vinnie Barbarino is barely distinguishable from Arthur Fonzarelli, a.k.a. the Fonz, who made Henry Winkler famous. As it happens, Travolta even resembles Winkler,

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